THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 728 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY OCTOBER 26 1889. SUBSCRIPTION ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 16

THE FUTURE.

BY MARY P. SCHUYLER.

In all the years that may come to you,
May you never shed a tear,
That words have been said to you, my boy,
That your mother should not hear.

There will be many evil voices
Along life's sinful way,
But let honor, truth and purity
Guide you where'er you stay.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO doors were flung widely open by the powdered twins at her approach, and Simkins, in a tone of importance, shouted "Miss Elwyn" into the empty space beyond.

Kathleen found herself in a room so large and vast and lofty that for the first moment the mere size of it took away her breath. Six tall windows reached all along one side of it; three magnificent glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling: white-and-gold satin hangings covered the long wall opposite to the windows, upon which valuable pictures rare china, and shining mirrors were alternately arranged; whilst a seemingly endless array of furniture, chiefly of the Louis XV. period, was crowded along the whole length of the room. The great drawing-room at Clortell Towers was on the modern side of the house, and was as remarkable in its way as any other feature of the mansion.

At the first glance Kathleen believed the room to be quite empty. The servants closed the doors behind her, and with a sense of bewildered astonishment she advanced timidly towards the centre of the vast room.

Then all at once she perceived that there were two persons present. From a low couch behind a glass screen overshadowed by a huge exotic palm-tree a gentleman sprang hurriedly to his feet, whilst a lady who had been lying back in a deep-seated chair beside it half raised herself upon her elbow and looked up with calm surprise at the approach of the intruder.

They were like denizens of another world to Kathleen. She had never seen anybody in the least like either of them before. Riveted to the spot, she stood still, entranced in wondering admiration by what seemed to her to be a vision of strange and unreal beauty. It was upon the woman that her eyes were fixed.

She was quite young—a girl seemingly of about her own age—but how widely, how wonderfully different from herself!

Tall and divinely fair, with yellow-gold hair piled symmetrically in shining coils above her head, a pale, small-featured, oval face with a delicate disdainful nose and a little scornful-lipped mouth, with clear blue eyes that were a trifle cold and hard and yet that were altogether lovely, Lucille Maitland might have walked straight out of the frame of one of the portraits of her own Saxon ancestresses.

She was an aristocrat from the top of her golden head down to the sole of her finely-arched foot. She had all the fascinations of her race, and all the faults as well—indeed these latter were somewhat exaggerated in her, whilst the intolerance of youth frequently threw her attractions into the shade.

But for her beauty's sake much was often forgiven which would have been unpardonable in another. Dressed in a tea-gown of soft grey silk shaded with snowy lace and relieved by sombre knots of black velvet, her exquisite fairness was set off to the fullest advantage; and the glance, half startled half puzzled, which she gave the new-comer, and the languid grace with which she half rose from her reclining attitude at her approach, would have enchanted a painter.

Kathleen thought she had never looked upon anything so beautiful in her life. She forgot indeed to speculate as to who the lovely girl could be, so intent was she on admiring her. As to the man, she scarcely gave him a glance; and yet Sir Adrian Deverell was worth looking at too and was not at all unaccustomed to favorable looks from women's eyes. He stood up, glancing down at the little country-girl, but with eyes brimful of amusement which had something of compassion in them too—she was so small and so timid, and she was so pretty too!

"Fancy her being shown in here!" he remarked in a whisper. "How comical!"

Meanwhile Lucille had risen slowly to the full height of her graceful figure, and extended a slim long-fingered white hand to the new-comer.

"How do you do? You are Miss Elwyn, I presume," she said, with frigid hauteur; and, as Kathleen just touched the tips of the cold fingers held out to her, but made no audible reply, she added, after a slight pause, "My aunt is not in—she has not yet returned from her walk. Perhaps you would like me to ring for your maid to take you to your rooms?"

"Your aunt!" said Kathleen quickly, ignoring this second offer of that mysterious and much-dreaded personage, her maid. "Is Lady Elwyn your aunt? Are you then my cousin?"—and there was a little tremor of excitement in the question, for how wonderful it would be if this gloriously beautiful girl were her very own cousin!

"Lady Elwyn is certainly my aunt," replied Miss Maitland coldly; "but I am very certainly not your cousin!"—and she turned a scornful face of contemptuous denial to her companion, and a smile followed as she met his eyes, as though to say, "I've not sunk so low as that yet!"

Kathleen colored hotly. She did not quite know what she had said wrong, but she felt the stinging sensation of being put aside and despised which is so bitter an experience to a candid and unsuspicious nature.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured humbly, her eyes filling with tears—"I only fancied——"

"Oh, it is of no consequence!" replied Miss Maitland haughtily. "It is very simple. I am Lady Elwyn's niece; your father is my uncle only by marriage. I am absolutely no relation whatever to you. Adrian"—turning to her companion—"do you think we might put those new ponies together in the phaeton to-morrow morning after breakfast?"—and she sank down again upon her chair, as though dismissing Kathleen from her consideration altogether.

"Don't you think Miss Elwyn may be tired after her journey, and might like some tea?" remarked the gentleman appealed to, ignoring the question about the ponies entirely.

Kathleen looked at him for the first time. What a pleasant face he had—what kind hazel eyes; and what a friendly smile illumined his handsome features!

"You are very kind," she said quite earnestly and fervently. "I am tired. But I think, if I can find my way to my own room, it will be best. Perhaps one of the footmen will show me where to go. I—I don't want a maid."

"If you go into the hall and ring the bell by the fireplace, somebody will come to you," said Miss Maitland, taking up a book from the table near her, as though the whole subject of Kathleen and her wants bored her beyond possible description.

"Thank you," she murmured meekly, and turned back towards the door by which she had entered.

But, when she was to close it, suddenly it was thrown open for her, and there were the kind hazel eyes smiling down again upon her.

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Kathleen confusedly, quite upset by the little attention. "I did not mean to give you the trouble."

"It is no trouble—only a pleasure," Sir Adrian answered brightly; and then, as the room was so large that nobody speaking in a low tone by the door could possibly be overheard by any one sitting on the couch beyond the second chandelier, he bent a little towards her and said kindly, "You must not be afraid of us, Miss Elwyn; you will soon get used to us. And I advise you to ask for Gorman, your maid, then ring the bell; she is a very good sort of a woman, and is sure to be of service to you. Lady Elwyn will see you, no doubt, in her boudoir when she comes in. It is all strange, I know, for you, but you must not mind our ways—you will soon fall into them;" and then, with an encouraging nod and smile which called forth a grateful look from Kathleen's upturned eyes, he closed the door upon her and strolled back again to the beautiful maiden in gray.

"Good gracious, Adrian, what have you been talking to that girl about?" cried Miss Maitland, with raised eyebrows, as he returned. "Why, you were actually making quite a long speech to her! There is really no occasion for you to jump up so eagerly, I should have thought, in order to open the door for the daughter of a barmaid. Certainly I cannot see what all that long whispered speech can have been about."

Sir Adrian Deverell flung himself down in a chair. There was a little frown of annoyance upon his brow. There were times when his beautiful betrothed jarred upon his sensibilities somewhat—when faint doubts, phantom-like, arose within him for a brief moment as to whether the life-companion he had chosen for her beauty and her high lineage and her queenly charms would turn out altogether a blessing and a joy for ever. These unsatisfactory thoughts he always chased away religiously when they cropped up; but they flashed across his mind now and again despite his most dutiful efforts to extinguish them.

"Poor little beggar!" he said, as he played with a silver-handled paper knife that he had picked up idly from the table. "You were dreadfully down on her, Lucille; and she looked so strange and frightened! You might have been a bit kinder to her, I think."

"How can you ask me to be kind to a low-born girl thrust upon us from the skies, whom we had none of us heard of a month ago?"

"My dear Lucille, do be reasonable; after all, she is your uncle's daughter, whatever her mother may have been!"

"So he says," she replied significantly. "How do you know that he really married the woman, and that all those marriage-certificates are not forged? Aunt Adelaide declares she will never believe at the bottom of her heart that uncle could ever have actually married a barmaid, however skilful she may have entrapped him!"

"Poor little thing! She will have a rough time of it between you both, I foresee. I am quite sorry for her."

Lucille laughed—it was a sweet silver-toned laugh, refined in tone and bewitching in its playful hilarity. Sir Adrian's heart warmed again towards her when he heard it.

"You talk as if we were two monsters, aunt and I, bent on persecuting an innocent angel! I dare say she will not be so badly off. To begin with, uncle will spoil her, you will admire her, and I—oh, well, I suppose I shall have to make the best of her!"

"That is right, Lucille!" cried the Baronet, holding out his hand to her. "Now you are your own best self again, as I like you to be."

And the lovers made it up in the orthodox lover-like fashion.

"My bark is worse than my bite," said Lucille, smiling, as she responded to his caress; and he forgot all his doubts in the delight of her beauty and sweetness.

For she was very clever, this beautiful girl, and she was not at all minded to lose her hold upon the good opinion of her good-looking lover.

But the day was to come when the scales were to fall from his eyes and he was to see in her true colors this creature whom he now worshipped so blindly. That day was not far off, and already the little rift within the lute" was ready to reveal itself to him. But a few days more and the serpent was to enter into his Eden, and he was to awaken from his fool's Paradise.

* * * * * *

Kathleen was congratulating herself that she had followed Sir Adrian's sensible advice, and had put herself in the hands of Mrs. Gorman. Gordon was, as Adrian had said of her, a very good sort of a woman indeed. She had been for many years in Lady Elwyn's household in the capacity, not of a lady's-maid, but of a supervisor of the linen-chests of the establishment. She had lived at Clortell Towers, in fact, in the time of Lord Elwyn's father, and was in the house when the present lord brought his second wife.

Instead of providing a smart young maid for her step-daughter, Lady Elwyn had conceived the notion of making "old Gorman," as she called her, wait upon her. The arrangement pleased Gorman mightily; her heart yearned towards the motherless girl so long disowned and so tardily acknowledged now, only because Lord Elwyn was in want of an heir.

Before Kathleen had been five minutes in the room with her, Gorman had told her that she had known her mother and had held her in her arms as an infant.

The girl's heart warmed to her at once. She felt that she had found a friend.

"And all these years I've held my tongue," said Gorman, "because my lord he told me as I was to: and then he come to me a month ago and says, 'Mrs. Gorman, do you remember that baby-girl as was born seventeen year ago?' I says, 'Ay, that I do, my lord; and a sweeter, lovelier infant I never set my eyes on in all my life.' 'Then' Gorman,' says he 'her ladyship and I, now we have no child, are going to have that child to live with us.' Why, I could have fallen down on my knees and given thanks then and there, I was so glad to hear it! For, after all, as I made bold to tell my lord, miss, you are his own flesh and blood; and there's no blessing on them as neglects their own children. Oh, he's got a good heart has your pa, miss! He means well, but he's been badly advised."

"And Lady Elwyn?" inquired Kathleen eagerly.

Gorman pursed up her lips mysteriously.

"You'll have to be careful with her ladyship, miss; she wants a lot of humor-

ing," she replied meaningly.

"Oh, I hope she will be kind to me!"

"Well, you must remember as she has had a great sorrow and lost her only child."

"Yes, indeed, poor woman!"

"Master Vincent he were never much good; but still she was his mother, and thought him perfect. Ah, well, he's dead, boy, so I'll say no more! Then her ladyship wished my lord to adopt Miss Maitland, her niece, so as to leave everything he could leave away from the heir to the title to her; but my lord he wouldn't hear of it. He does not care much for Miss Lucille, I fancy, she is so haughty and independent in her ways. Oh, they had their battles over it, I fancy; but my lord he got his own way for once, and she had to agree and make the best of it! So you see, miss, you will have to win her over, as it were."

Kathleen sighed. The prospect did not seem a very brilliant one.

There was evidently no eager and loving welcome from the step-mother who looked upon her as the supplanter of her favorite niece. Her heart sank sadly within her.

Meanwhile Gorman was carefully dressing her young charge in the clothes which she had prepared for her as well as she had been able.

The little pink speckled cotton dress she had travelled in was hidden away in the recesses of her box.

"You will not be able to wear it again, miss, nor yet this blue-and-white stripe."

"Why, that is my Sunday dress, Gorman!" cried Kathleen, who had rather fancied herself in her blue stripes.

"But you've got to be in mourning, miss," said Gorman severely—"in mourning for your brother, remember; he has only been dead between four and five months. It is a mercy her ladyship did not see you in that pink gown—she would have had hysterics and ordered you out of the room!"

And then she proceeded to array the girl in a simple black-and-white evening-dress cut low at the neck and with short sleeves, in which she told her she would be ready for dinner when that important ceremony took place.

Kathleen submitted to these ministrations with meek gratitude, and stood very still whilst Gorman gathered in her bodice tightly round her waist, pinched up her sleeves, ran a tuck in her skirts, and made with clever fingers and deft needle such rapid alterations in her dress as seemed to her to be necessary to ensure its fitting her becomingly.

Kathleen felt very thankful to the kind gentleman—whose very name she knew not yet—who had recommended her to send for Mrs. Gorman.

"What a lot of things she has told me already, and what terrible mistakes I should have made without her!" she said to herself.

"And who," she inquired aloud presently—"who is the handsome gentleman whom I found down-stairs with Miss Maitland, Gorman? Is he her brother?"

"Her brother? Bless your innocent heart, no, miss! That is Sir Adrian Deverell, her sweetheart, as is going to marry her, and a precious deal too good for her he is, to my way of thinking!"

Kathleen became deeply interested. Lovers, to the girl who had never loved, were a beautiful sacred mystery—blessed creatures who dwelt apart in a paradise of their own creation, into which ordinary mortals might scarcely dare to peep.

What a handsome pair of lovers these two were! What a beautiful princess was she, and what a hero of manly strength and goodness did he appear!

Kathleen felt that she would have an inexhaustible store of delight before her in the daily contemplation of the happiness of these two fortunate persons; and yet, oddly enough, the knowledge of their happiness made her feel a little sad too.

"They will be all in all to each other—will not want me at all," thought the poor child. "I shall only be in their way!" and she felt more lonely than ever in the big friendless house to which fate had taken her.

But now there came a sudden knock at the door, and a message was brought to her through a very smart individual in a stiff rustling silk dress and a handsome gold brooch and ear-rings.

"Her ladyship will be glad to see Miss Elwyn at once in her boudoir;" and Kathleen followed her tremblingly to encounter her step-mother.

A lady in deep mourning stood looking out of the window. She turned quickly as the door opened.

Lady Elwyn was two-and-forty years of age; she was tall and inclined to *embonpoint*; she had light brown hair, keen pale blue eyes, and a somewhat florid complexion. She must have been extremely handsome once, and was still emphatically a fine-looking woman.

As Kathleen entered, she put up a pair of long tortoise-shell-handled eye-glasses, and surveyed her critically. The scrutiny brought the hot color in a flame to the girl's face.

"Umph!" muttered Lady Elwyn; then, catching sight of the lingering lady's-maid in the doorway, who doubtless was deeply anxious to be a witness of what was to follow, she cried out sharply, "Leave the room, Graves, this moment, and don't come back till I ring!"

The door closed quickly.

"Come here, Kathleen—don't look so frightened! Let me look at you!"

It seemed to poor Kathleen that she had done nothing else but look at her ever since she came in. She advanced timidly, and raised her charming eyes to her step-mother.

"Umph!" said the lady again. "Not quite so rustic-looking as I imagined you would be! That of course is the dress Gorman had prepared for you? Not bad as a guess, I declare! It is a little too high for you on the shoulders; she will have to take it in."

Not a kiss, not a word, not even a smile of welcome!

"I suppose you are quite uneducated?" was the next remark, still in the same cold, hard business-like voice.

Kathleen's heart began to beat with something that was of a more decided character than timidity.

"I have had an excellent education, Lady Elwyn," she said confidently. "I was a day-scholar at the High School in Chesterton, and I was at the head of the first class when I left; since then I have had lessons in French, German and music. I had a great ambition to become a governess if the Dobsons could have spared me."

"Oh, well, you must forget your ambitions now! I am glad you are not a dunce. Of course your music cannot be anything much. You will have piano and singing lessons when we go up to town next season. Do you know how to dance?"

"I am afraid not," said Kathleen, shaking her head.

"To ride? Of course not! I dare say you cannot even play lawn-tennis! Those are things in which young ladies have to be proficient nowadays. We can, I dare say, do something for you here in that way. You cannot do better than take my niece Miss Maitland as a model. She is a most accomplished girl in every way. I hope you will take pains to learn and improve yourself."

"I will indeed," said Kathleen fervently. "You are very kind to promise to have me taught."

Again Lady Elwyn put up her glasses curiously.

"Dear me, you have a very nice voice really—not at all common, as I feared it might be—and you certainly are a pretty-looking girl; but your hair is very dowdily dressed. Gorman must do something better than those old-fashioned plaits. I think I shall be able to make you look fairly presentable with a little care."

Kathleen smiled; the praise of her looks was pleasant to her. With a little impulsive gesture, she put forth both her hands and took Lady Elwyn's.

"I will try to be and do everything you wish and—and love you, and be a daughter to you; and may I not call you 'mother'?"

Up went the eye-glasses again.

"Dear me, what a very singular child you are! I don't quite understand you; and—no, certainly I don't think you can call me 'mother'—I really cannot assume motherhood to order."

Kathleen shrank back abashed; her eyes filled with tears of disappointment.

"If you do as I tell you, that is all I require," continued her step-mother coldly. "Now I must dress for dinner. I shall see you again down-stairs, so you can go."

Kathleen turned away sadly, but, as she reached the door, a sudden thought occurred to her. She turned back timidly.

"Oh, please, I must say one thing before I go—I must thank you for your kindness to me on my journey here to-day!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean it was so kind and thoughtful of you to put all those things in the carriage for me."

"Gracious! What things?"

"Have you forgotten? I mean the lunch and a warm cloak, and books to read, and fruit, and even flowers and a fan. No one but a kind woman could have thought of it all; and—and I wanted you to know that I was sure it was you—and——" Then her voice faltered as she observed the profound astonishment in Lady Elwyn's face.

"I cannot imagine what you are talking about," she said. "Simkins might have put you in a sandwich—I know nothing about it—and perhaps Gorman threw a wrap in; but flowers, books, fruit? I haven't an idea what you mean! You must be dreaming, I think! There—run away quickly—I am in a hurry—and don't talk nonsense, Kathleen!"

But, after she had gone, Lady Elwyn reflected a little about it whilst Graves was dressing her hair for dinner.

"Impossible that Lucille should have thought of such a thing! Lucille never does anything for anybody's benefit but her own! It must have been old Gorman. And yet—and yet I really should not be a bit surprised at it! There is only one fool in this house to whom such sentimental things come naturally. Pray Heaven, if it was, that the girl may never know it—it would turn her head completely; and still more do I fervently trust that Lucille will get no inkling of it. What a storm there should be!"

Then aloud to her maid she said, "Make haste with my dressing to-night, Graves; I am in a hurry."

And such good haste did Graves make that, when her ladyship got down-stairs into a little octagon-room off the large drawing-room which was called the music-room, where it was the custom to assemble before dinner, she found no one there save her little step-daughter sitting somewhat sadly by herself in a deep window-seat, looking out on to the twilight world outside.

"My dear," said Lady Elwyn, as the girl rose timidly at her entrance, "I find on inquiry that it was Gorman who put all those things into the brougham for you."

"Yes, it was very kind. But you must be careful not to thank her. Gorman is an odd woman—she cannot endure to be thanked. Say nothing more about it, please."

A laughing voice was heard outside, the door opened, and Lucille Maitland, radiant in a Parisian half-mourning evening-dress of black and palest mauve, with a diamond crescent glittering in her hair and an enormous white feather fan held up playfully behind her head, came dancing in, followed closely by Sir Adrian Deverell.

"Aunt Adelaide," she cried, "tell him not to torment me! He does not like my fan because Laurence Doyle gave it to me; he wants to take it away and give me another just like it. How can men be so foolish? Oh, dear"—catching sight of Kathleen's slight form in the shadowy corner of the window, and turning away with a pout and a sudden change of manner—"that girl again!"—and Kathleen, to her mortification, heard her.

Dinner was announced. Sir Adrian, with a polite inquiry concerning Lord Elwyn's health, offered his arm to his hostess, Lucille followed alone with her proud head in the air, and Kathleen, feeling very small and wretched, brought up the rear.

That first late dinner was a terrible ordeal to the poor child. She was very tired and very unhappy.

The unaccustomed grandeur of silver and china, the number of strange dishes, the solemn dignity of the men-servants, the somewhat dreary and formal conversation that went on, all bewildered and oppressed her.

She thought of the cosy farm-parlor at Mayfield, of the cheerful little supper-table where every one helped himself and talked unrestrainedly of the day's doings—how much better and simpler it was than all this magnificence!

She hardly spoke a word, and she ate next to nothing.

Once or twice, looking up inadvertently, she caught Sir Adrian's eyes fixed upon her with so strange an expression of interest and sympathy in them that her own sank confusedly and quickly to the level of her plate.

It almost seemed to her as if he too was a little silent and out of harmony with his surroundings.

Lucille talked much and excitedly about people and things of which Kathleen knew nothing, Lady Elwyn listening to her with a sort of rapt attention, mingled with loving indulgence which made another woman of Kathleen's hard, cold-voiced step-mother.

As soon as the terrible meal was over, Kathleen, pleading fatigue, obtained leave to go to her own room, and thankfully found herself alone again with her kind old attendant.

Then, in spite of Lady Elwyn's prohibition, she could not refrain from saying to her—

"Mrs. Gorman, I cannot help it even if you don't like to be thanked; but I must say how good I think it was of you to put all those things in the brougham for my journey to-day."

To her surprise, Gorman made the following mysterious and wholly ungrammatical reply—

"My dearie, it were not me. There be one in this house as is always doing kindnesses, and there be others who can't abear as it should be known. But, if Ann Gorman be told to hold her tongue, she can hold it as well as any one else."

After which she closed her lips with a snap, and nothing more could be got out of her.

So then Lady Elwyn had told an untruth! And who was the mysterious "one" to whom Gorman alluded? Kathleen fell asleep still wondering.

CHAPTER V.

"You must acknowledge, Adelaide, that she is charming."

"She is certainly less objectionable than I feared she might be. Well, yes, I do not mind owning that her looks and manners were an agreeable surprise to me; at the same time, the word 'charming' implies a great deal more than I am prepared to admit. She lacks repose."

"You cannot expect everything. It often strikes me that even your perfect Lucille——"

"Ah, do not bring Lucille into the discussion, I beg of you!"

The speakers were Lord and Lady Elwyn. They were slowly walking up and down the terrace walk that overlooked the gardens at Clortell Towers. It was a fortnight since Kathleen's arrival, and already the slumbering jealousy of the father for his child and of the aunt for the niece who had been, as she considered, thrust aside in favor of a stranger had burst forth more than once between the two.

Beneath them in the garden Lucille and her lover were playing lawn-tennis together; whilst Kathleen, with perfect sweetness and good temper, was performing for them the somewhat servile office of picking up their stray balls. Miss Maitland, in a perfect little costume of white flannel and pale pink silk, skimmed gracefully across the ground, "serving" and catching her balls with ease and dexterity. Sir Adrian was always on his mettle when she was his adversary, for she was an excellent player, and had won the champion cup at the late county tournament. There was no effort in her play. She did not become breathless and dishevelled, as so many women do—she never got red and hot; she seemed to fly from side to side with all the grace and dexterity of a bird; and her beauty was only enhanced and heightened by the healthful exercise.

Kathleen looked at her with envy. She too was young and graceful and active; a few hints and a little practice would, she felt certain, soon enable her to play too; but Lucille had never even suggested such a thing to her.

"You can pick up the balls for us if you like," she said to her carelessly the first time she had gone out to watch their game; and Kathleen had been only too glad to be of use to the scornful beauty who took so little notice of her!

"Look out!" cried Lucille.

The little white ball went flying high into the air far away above Adrian's head, and dropped a long way beyond the tennis-lawn into the middle of a bed of rhododendrons.

Kathleen ran like a deer, and soon was busily engaged in hunting for it amongst the dark-green foliage. Some one came up behind her.

"I wish you would not tire yourself over these stupid balls. I can't bear to see you running about after them!"

"Why should I not send for the gardiner's boy, who always did this drudgery before you came?"

"Oh, but I like it, Sir Adrian—I really do!" she said, while they were both beating about amongst the plants.

"Come back, Adrian!" cried Lucille from the lawn. "Kathleen can surely find it! Don't waste any more time."

But Sir Adrian did not obey her.

"If you only knew how I hate seeing you treated like a servant!" he said in a low voice.

They were very close together. Suddenly Kathleen looked up and met his eyes.

Something—she never afterwards could have told what it was—set her heart beating and her pulses throbbing in a strange unaccustomed fashion. There shot swiftly so keen a sting that pain that is well-nigh

pleasure, and that pleasure that is nearly pain," through every nerve of her whole being that her eyes became dim and misty with the intensity of it.

Sir Adrian Deverell could never endure to see anything suffer; he did not perhaps understand that it was his very kindness which hurt her.

"My poor little girl!" he said softly, with a great tenderness in his hazel eyes, "are you unhappy? I am so sorry! I would do anything on earth to help you! Will you not look upon me as your friend?"

"Oh, you are so kind—so good!" murmured poor Kathleen, struggling with her tears. "They are all so cold and hard to me, so different from everybody I have known all my life; but you—you are the only one who ever says a kind word to me!"

"Will you tell me all about it—not now"—with a half-nervous glance back to the tennis-ground—"but this evening perhaps? We could have a talk—I always smoke in the kitchen-garden late, after you have all gone up stairs. The nights are so warm and the moon is so lovely, you might slip out perhaps by the gun room window, and we will talk it all over, and I will see what can be done to make you happier."

"Are you never going to find that wretched ball?" here said an angry voice far nearer to them than the young man quite appreciated, as Lucille, with a thunder-cloud upon her brow, came across the lawn towards the rhododendron beds.

"Here it is!" said Kathleen, holding it up—she had held it in her hand for several minutes.

There was a guilty, "caught out" look upon Sir Adrian's face. He began to make a great many excuses—the shrubs were so extraordinarily thick, the ball was so extraordinary small; it was a mistake to leave them; better to find them at once; if left, one lost the place where they fell down.

"Don't you think you had better drop all that, Adrian?" said Lucille drily, as they walked back side by side towards the nets. "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, you know; and, as I cannot suppose you have had the bad taste to prefer the society of a little under-bred rustic like Kathleen Elwyn to mine, I really don't see why you should waste your breath in trying to explain to me that you do not."

Something in this speech rubbed him horribly the wrong way, and yet there was nothing for it but to hold his tongue. He longed to cry out indignantly that Kathleen was no "under-bred rustic," but the sweetest and loveliest maiden on earth, a hundred times more winning and more charming than she who so harshly found fault with her.

But what was a man to do—a man who was bound hand and foot to a beautiful imperious creature whom he believed that he loved, and yet whom he secretly stood in awe of?

Like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, Sir Adrian Deverell was a moral coward. Lucille, with her strong will and haughty nature, ruled him with a rod of iron—he was her slave, and no marriage-ceremony read over them would ever turn him into either "lord" or "master."

Kathleen, seeing that the game seemed over, and that the lovers sauntered away together across the lawn, went slowly towards the house.

Sir Adrian had told her to meet him that evening in the kitchen-garden. Her heart beat a little wildly at the remembrance of his words. No thought of disobeying him entered her head; he had already become to her in two short weeks something so far above every other human being she had ever known, such a very king amongst men, that anything which he told her to do was an absolute decree, not to be disputed or hesitated about. Nor did it strike her that there might possibly be some indecorum in such a meeting at such an hour, for the girl brought up in all the freedom of country life to steal out when others were in bed was no great matter. Often she had crept forth at Mayfield in the dawn of a summer day, and wandered by herself in the dew-dripping meadows to gather mushrooms and to see the sun rise over the hill; and a moonlit night was as reasonable a time to her for a solitary ramble as any other. She did not think it would be a breach of any law, human or divine, to walk with Adrian in the garden that night. Only a sweet sense of vague excitement stirred within her, a strange opiate-lulling delight, such as she could put no name to nor account for in any manner.

As she came dreamily up the terrace steps she encountered her father and step mother.

"You look flushed and untidy, Kathleen," said Lady Elwyn severely. "There are visitors coming to tea; you had better go to your room—you are unfit to be seen."

"Wait a moment, my dear," said her father. "I have not seen you all day. Did you have your riding lesson this morning?"

"Yes papa."

"And are you getting on?"

Lady Elwyn went into the house. Kathleen stood before her father demurely downcast eyes. Always in his presence she thought of her mother whom he had been afraid to acknowledge, and she remembered that he had for years disowned and discarded herself. It made her cold and hard to him.

"Are you happy with us, Kathleen?" said Lord Elwyn a little anxiously.

"Not very," said the girl, raising her eyes.

The answer disturbed him. This young censor, with disapproval in her blue eyes, made him feel uncomfortable at times.

"I am sorry you are not happy, Kathleen. How is that? Surely you have everything you want here?"

"Everything, thank you, papa—only I am a stranger!"—and there was a reproach in the word.

"Oh, that will mend itself! You will soon learn to be one of us—you see you are very ignorant, my dear."

"Yes," said the girl quietly—"but is that my fault?"

Lord Elwyn bit his lip.

"Tell me, Kathleen," he said after a moment's pause, "is there any wish of yours ungratified here—anything you would like to make you happier?"

"Yes—give me leave to write to the Dobsons," she replied eagerly, a flush passing over her face. "Lady Elwyn has forbidden me to write to them."

"My dear, your step-mother objects to your corresponding with them; she thinks it injudicious. We can hardly go against her express wish in this matter, can we?" replied Lord Elwyn, looking much annoyed.

"Oh, but it is cruel, ungrateful!" cried the girl; and unconsciously she raised her voice a little. "Remember how good they have been to me all these years! What will they think of me? It is a whole fortnight since I left, and I have not written a line!"

"What is all this agitation about?" said Lady Elwyn, coming back through the window on to the terrace. "Kathleen, have I not told you before that it is unladylike to speak loud and to get excited? What is it all about?"

"She wishes to write to the Dobsons, my dear."

"That is quite impossible," replied Lady Elwyn decisively. "I do not desire any connection with those common people. I forbid it absolutely. Go to your room at once, Kathleen, and do not stand there defying me!"

Kathleen moved away without a word, but there were anger and rebellion in her heart.

"I would not have disobeyed her if I could have helped it," she said to herself; "but now I shall see if Sir Adrian will not help me."

* * * * * *

A lovely moonlit night—not a cloud in the dark azure vault of heaven, not a breath of wind stirring in the branches—a night such as lovers dream of.

And yet it was no lover awaiting her he loved who slowly paced the broad gravel centre walk down to the kitchen-garden—only a friend anxious to give a little kindly advice to an inexperienced girl in whom he took a gentle interest.

Yet surely, for a friend, Adrian's heart beat in too lover-like a fashion; and as the moments went by his manner did not altogether betoken the purely placid calmness of one who waited only in order to advise and to admonish.

The kitchen-garden at Clortell was one of the features of the place. Although called by that old-fashioned name, there was nevertheless but little of the "kitchen" about it.

Broad bands of flowers bordered the paths on either side; trellis-work screens covered with sweet-peas concealed the gooseberry and currant bushes beyond; whilst an arcade smothered in little white roses reached from end to end betwixt the strawberry-beds and the back-entrance of the house.

It was in the direction of these rose-covered arches that Sir Adrian's eyes were impatiently turned.

"Why does she not come?" he muttered softly; and he told himself that he was angry with her because of the delay—for he would not have owned for the whole world, even to his inmost heart, that it was any other feeling save anger and impatience that stirred his pulses with so quick and hot a throb.

"Silly little girl—why does she not come?" he said half aloud.

Presently he saw her—a little white thing in the pale moonlight—coming towards him under the roses like the ghost of some dead-and-gone damsel of her father's house.

She wore her evening-dress still, and over it she had cast a white cashmere cloak that draped her in soft folds from neck to foot.

"I don't know that I ought to have come, Sir Adrian," she said timidly as she joined him. "If Lady Elwyn knew, would she mind, do you think?"

"Oh, not at all! Why should she?" replied Adrian, with ready mendacity—for certainly he must have known that Lady Elwyn would be furious, although the notion of consulting her as to her approval had certainly not entered his head.

"Besides, she will never know," he added quickly—"we will not tell her. How good of you to come, little Kathleen! You know it is very dull smoking out here by myself; and your step-mother has the most old-fashioned notions concerning cigars. I am banished to the gun-room if I want to smoke in the house; and it is very stuffy—smells of oil and leather, with a flavor of keepers' fustian! I find the open air much nicer on a lovely night like this—but one wants companionship."

He was leading her away from the broad moonlit path; and now they found themselves in a side-alley between two high hedges of sweet-peas and fragrant sweet-briar.

There were tender shadows thrown upon them as they walked—shadows pierced by trembling moon-shafts that glimmered fitfully between the leaves.

"Does Miss Maitland never come out and walk with you in the evenings Sir Adrian?"

"Lucille? Good gracious, no!"

"And yet is she not going to be married to you?"

"Some day."

There was a silence; then Kathleen said very timidly—

"Sir Adrian, I want to ask you a question, and yet I am afraid you may think me impertinent."

"Nothing that you could say to me would be impertinent, Kathleen."

He slipped his hand familiarly within her arm; he called her "Kathleen" quite naturally and simply.

Somehow these things did not surprise her. Was she not very young and ignorant, and he almost like an elder brother from his position in the family?

"Ask me anything you like, little woman," he said, smiling down at her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Worcester Academy seniors played a neat trick on their fellow students in the lower classes the other night.

They had arranged to have a cremation on the campus, but the principal hearing of it forbade it under heavy penalties.

The seniors, therefore, so the story runs, sent out into the by ways and hedges and arranged with the street youths who frequent such localities to visit the school on the appointed night and light the fires in which the books were to be consumed.

Next the wily seniors spread broadcast through the school the report that, in spite of the principal's prohibitive order, the "book burning" would occur at the appointed time and place.

The denizens of the by-ways and hedges were true to their agreement, and at the proper time the fires were lighted. The members of the three lower classes sallied out to witness the sport, but the senior strategists remained within the dormitories.

They had committed no overt act, apparently, but the luckless under-classmen found themselves "in the soup," as they were promptly reported by proctors to the principal.

TEACHER—"Boys, I would like to impress upon your minds the necessity of forgiving and forgetting. Forgive the injury your companions may have done you and forget the feelings of revenge that have filled your heart." Small boy (whispering to teacher)—"Teacher, won't you please say that all over again? Jimmy Pease says he's going to wallop me within an inch of my life after Sunday-school and I want him to forget all about it."

There may be much joy in heaven over the sinner that repents; on earth the joy is over his downfall.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE DAY.—The day is said to have been first divided into hours in 293 B. C. Previous to the introduction of water-clocks into Rome, 156 B. C., the hours were announced by public criers.

BABIES FOR BAIT.—Babies are in great demand for crocodile bait in Ceylon. The crocodile hunters secure the little ones by personal solicitations. The babies are perched on the bank, so that the crocodiles can see them readily. The monsters go for their prey, but before the infants are devoured the hunters get in their work.

SURNAMES.—Surnames were originally introduced, it is stated, about 1100; and usually designated occupation, estate, place of residence, or some peculiar thing or event relating to the person. Surnames were formed originally by adding the name of the father to that of the son. Thus we have from William's son Williamson, etc. The old Normans used Fitz, which signifies son—as Fitzherbert; the Irish used O for grandson—as O'Neal; the Scotch Mac as Macdonald, son of Donald. Many of the common surnames—such as Wilson, Johnson, etc.—were taken by the Brabanters who settled in England during the reign of Henry VI. about the year 1435, and became naturalized.

MADE PRISONER BY A HORSE.—An incident connected with the battle of Falkirk—fought in 1746 between the Young Pretender's forces and those of George II., in which the Royalists were beaten—would have been decidedly comical but for its tragic end. Major Macdonald, one of Prince Charlie's men, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of the latter's horse, a much finer animal than his own. When the English cavalry fled, this horse, in spite of all the major's efforts, ran off too and did not stop until it had carried Macdonald to its late master's regiment. Thus conveyed into the midst of a hostile army the major cut a very poor figure; but the farce was at once turned into tragedy when the order went forth for his execution. Soon afterwards Major Macdonald died on the scaffold.

MODES OF EXECUTION.—The modes of execution in the different countries are: In Austria, gallows, public; Bavaria, guillotine, private; Belgium, guillotine, public; Brunswick, axe, private; China, sword or cord, public; Denmark, guillotine, public; Ecuador, musket, public; France, guillotine, public; Great Britain, gallows, private; Hanover, guillotine, public; (Italy, capital punishment abolished); Oldenburg, musket, public; Portugal, gallows, public; Prussia, sword, private; Russia, musket, gallows or sword, public; Saxony, guillotine, private; Spain, garotte, public; Switzerland, 15 cantons, sword, public; two cantons, guillotine, public; two cantons, guillotine, private; United States, other than New York, gallows, mostly private.

MIDGET TREES.—A gentleman, now in Tallahassee, who has travelled all over the world, says he saw one little trick the Japanese had which he was very anxious to understand. He saw a gardener who had a plot of ground some 20 yards square, which was laid out after the plan of a farm of hundreds of acres. There were trees of all kinds, but by some secret process they were dwarfed to a height of a few inches and kept at that any length of time. People bought the trees as novelties, but they immediately commenced to grow. The gardiner refused to divulge his secret, saying if he did so he would be beheaded. Strategem also failed to discover it, and the Japanese are yet the only people who can make trees mature in miniature.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.—Flowers are used for food in Northwestern India. The use of flowers such as those of the lily in China as a condiment is not uncommon, but it is not quite usual to find them used as food. In the present case they were used by the poorer classes only, and are either mixed with flour or are eaten separately with salt and condiments, to which a little ghee is added by those who are able to afford it. The flowers at swept up from the ground, and are kept for a night in a closed earthenware vessel, so as to fade. They may be kept for a long time. Usually they are eaten as a vegetable, but sometimes they are kneaded with thin atta and baked in cakes. An analysis of the flowers shows that their chief peculiarity from a dietetic point of view is their richness in nitrogeneous compounds, and consequently their importance as an addition to foods which are poor in nitrogen.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY J. CASSELL.

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold;
'Twas to find the end of the rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.

But the clouds rolled by from the summer's sky
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray.

But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CYNTHIA KNEW nothing of Mrs. Vane's visit to London. She expected to meet a trained nurse only, and the Jenkinses — Sabina Meldreth and the Doctor perhaps beside, but no one else. She set for at an hour which would enable her to reach the house when Hubert was likely to be up—at least, if he were able to leave his bed.

She did not know what she was going to say to him—what line she was about to take. She only knew that she could not bear to be away from him any longer, and that love and forgiveness were the two thoughts uppermost in her mind.

She was not aware that her father considered it unfit for her to go alone to Russell Square. He had followed her all the way from Clerkenwell, and was in the square immediately behind herself.

When she mounted the steps and rang the bell, he crossed the road and walked along the pavement by the gardens in the middle of the square. Here he fancied that he should be unobserved. He saw the door opened; he saw Cynthia make her inquiries of the servant. Then she went in, and the door was shut.

He waited for some time. Presently a man, whom he knew to be the faithful Jenkins, appeared on the steps of the house and looked about him. Then he crossed the road and advanced to Westwood, who was leaning against the railings of the garden.

"Mr. Reuben Dare, I think?" he said, touching his hair respectfully.

Westwood stared at the sound of that name.

"Miss West and Mr. Lepel wants to know if you you will kindly come upstairs. They have a word or two to say, and they hope that you will not fail to come."

Westwood smiled to himself—a rather peculiar smile.

"All right," he said; "if they want me to come, I'll come. But I think they had both better have let me stay away."

Nevertheless he followed Jenkins to the house.

* * * * * *

The door had been opened to Cynthia by a strange servant. She asked if Mr. Lepel was at home—a conventionalism of which she immediately repented. Was he well enough to see anybody, at least? she added.

The girl did not know, but asked her to walk inside. Mr. Lepel was better; he was dressed every day and sat in the drawing-room: but he had not seen any visitors as yet. He was in the drawing-room now, she thought, and he was alone.

"I will go up," said Cynthia decidedly. "You need not take the trouble to announce me. I will go myself; he knows me very well."

The girl fell back doubtfully; but Cynthia's tone was so resolute, her air so assured, that there was nothing for it but to give way.

Besides, Mrs. Vane was out, and nobody had said what was to be done in case of visitors.

Cynthia went in very quietly. Hubert was lying on a sofa in the darkest corner of the room. The blinds were partially closed; but she could see his face, and she thought at first that he was asleep.

His eyes were closed, his hands were stretched at his sides; his attitude was expressive of the utmost languor and weariness.

She came a little nearer and looked at him closely. His frame was sadly wasted and there was an expression of suffering and melancholy upon his face that touched her deeply.

She drew nearer and nearer to the sofa; but he did not look up until she was almost close to him. Then he opened his eyes. She cried "Hubert!" and dropped on her knees beside him, so as to bring her face upon a level with his own. She then put her arms round him and kissed his cheek.

"Oh, Hubert," she said, "I could not stay away! I love you, my darling—I love you in spite of all! Will you forgive me for being so cruel when I saw you last?"

She felt him tremble a little.

"Cynthia!" he said.

Then with a sudden gesture he threw his arms around her, rested his head upon her shoulder, and burst into tears—tears of weakness in part, but tears also of love, of penitence, of almost unbearable relief.

She held him close to her, kissing his dark head from time to time, and calling him by fond, caressing names.

But for some minutes he did not seem to be able or to care to speak. She caught the word "Forgive!" once or twice between his gasps for breath; but she could distinguish nothing more.

"Darling," she said at last, "you will do yourself harm if this goes on. Be calm, and let us talk together a little time. Yes, I forgive you, if I must say so before anything else. There, there! Ah, my own love how could I have left you so long? I was cruel and unkind!"

"No, Cynthia—no! I never thought that I should see you again. Don't leave me again—just yet."

"I will not leave you, if you like," she murmured.

"Never, Cynthia!"

"So long as we both live. You know what I mean?"

"I daren't think. You don't mean that you will now—now become——"

"Your wife? Yes, if you will have me, Hubert. There is no barrier between us now."

"Your father!" he murmured, looking at her with very wistful eyes.

"My father sent me to you to-day, dear Hubert. No, darling, I have not told him anything."

"I wish to Heaven you had, Cynthia."

"What! I betray your confidence? No, I could not do that. But he has some notion already, Hubert. He told me that he suspected you—or you sister—sometime ago; and he said to me to-day that he believed that you could have cleared him if you had liked."

"And what did you say? I wish that you had found it in your heart to tell him everything you knew."

"I could not do that. But I do not deny what he had said."

Then she told him all that she remembered of her father's words.

"His generosity crushes me to earth," said Hubert hoarsely. "I must tell him the whole story, and let him decide."

"He has decided."

"I cannot accept that decision. Since I have been lying here, Cynthia, and since you left me, I have seen it all as it appeared in your eyes. I have wondered at my own cowardice; and I hope—I trust that I have repented of it. It is time that I did, Cynthia, for I believe that I am a dying man."

"No, no!" she cried, clinging to him passionately. "You will get better now—you must get better—for my sake!"

"I wish I could, my darling—I wish I could!"

"Why have you such gloomy thoughts? You are depressed; you have wanted me. I shall soon make you well. I shall take you away from England to some warm bright country where you will have nothing to do but be happy and grow quite strong; and I will take care of you, and make up to you if I can everything that we have lost."

"Yes, if one had not a conscience," said Hubert, with a faint smile, "one could be very happy, could one not? But you forget; you told me before that I must make amends. My darling, there is only one course open to me now."

"Hubert!"

She knew by instinct what course he meant to take.

"We are going to have the whole truth told now," he went on softly. "And what a relief it will be! My God, I wonder that I could bear the burden so long! For I have suffered, Cynthia, though not as your father has. I am going now to tell the truth and bear the penalty; there is no other way."

"There cannot be much of a legal penalty," said Cynthia, trying to speak bravely. "It was a duel."

"Manslaughter, I suppose. It will depend a good deal on public feeling what the punishment will be; and public feeling will—very rightly—be against me. To let another man be condemned to death when I could have cleared him with a word! I think, Cynthia, that the mob will tear me to pieces if they can get hold of me."

"They will not get hold of you. And, if the public knows that it was all for your sister's sake——"

"I want to save Flossy, Cynthia. I think I can shield her still."

"I do not think that my father will shield her, Hubert. He knows."

"She must be shielded, if possible, dear, for the old General's sake. What a fool I was not to prevent that marriage! Well, it can't be helped now. But one thing I can do—I can exonerate your father, and confess that I shot Sydney Vane, without a word about my sister. That must be so, Cynthia. And your father must be silent."

"You will deprive yourself of your one excuse," said Cynthia quietly.

"I know. I cannot help it. I must stand forth to the world as a brutal murderer—as your father did, my Cynthia. It is only right and just. They must sentence me as they please. But it will not be for long; I shall probably not come out of prison. But, if I do——"

Cynthia burst into tears.

"I can't bear it—I can't bear it!" she cried. "My father is right—he has got over the worst of it and outlived all that was hard. It would be terrible for you! How could you bear it—and how could I?"

"You could bear it if you thought it brought me happiness, could you not? I know I am selfish, Cynthia."

"No, no—you are anything but selfish! Oh, darling, live for me a little if you will not for yourself! Father asks you to do that as well as I. You will make us suffer if you suffer—and I cannot bear to part from you again! If you love me, Hubert, say nothing—for my father's sake and mine!"

It was a strange plea. And, while Hubert listened and strove to calm her, there came a new and unwonted sound upon the stairs—the sound of a struggle, of trampling feet, of angry voices—of a women's shriek and a man's stifled curse. Cynthia sprang to her feet.

"I hear my father's voice!" she said. "What can that mean?"

* * * * * *

There had been another visitor that afternoon to Hubert's lodging in Russel Square. Sabina Meldreth had presented herself at three o'clock, and had inquired for Mrs. Vane. She was told that Mrs. Vane had gone out, and was not likely to be back until six or half-past six o'clock.

"And then the General's coming with her," Jenkins had informed her, "and they're going to dine together, because it's the first time master has stayed up to dinner since he was taken ill."

"Oh, that'll do very well for me!" said Sabina sullenly. "I shall see the whole lot of them then, I suppose. I'll wait!"

She then planted herself on one of the wooden chairs in the hall.

"Won't you come down-stairs?" said Jenkins. "My missus is there."

"No, I won't. I want to see Mrs. Vane; and perhaps she'll get away or refuse to see me if I am down-stairs. Sitting here, she can't escape so easy. I want Mrs. Vane."

Jenkins shrugged his shoulders at such impudence.

"You seem to have got a grudge against her," he observed. "Didn't she pay you properly?"

"No, she didn't—not that it's any business of yours," Sabina remarked.

And, after that speech, Jenkins retired with dignity, feeling that it was not his part to converse any longer with a woman who chose to be so very impolite to him.

"She looks very queer!" he observed to his wife down-stairs. "She's in black, and her eyes are red as if she'd been crying, and her face as white as death. I think she looks as if she was going out of her mind."

Whereupon Mrs. Jenkins herself went up-stairs to inspect the dangerous Sabina, but came down with the report that "she looked quiet enough." And so the afternoon went on—and still Mrs. Vane did not arrive. But Cynthia did.

When Sabina heard Miss West's voice speaking to the maid at the door, she gave a violent start. Then she arose and went cautiously into a little room which opened off the hall, and stood behind the door, so that Cynthia could not see her. As soon as Cynthia had gone up-stairs, Sabina dashed out into the hall again and inspected the square through the panes of glass at the side of the hall door.

"It's him sure enough," she said to herself, "and his daughter's gone up-stairs! Well, they are bold as brass, the pair of them! They didn't ought to be allowed to escape, I'm sure; but I don't know what to do. I wish Mrs Vane would come home, and the General too. They'll take he was nabbed fast enough! And here they come!"

For at that moment Miss Vane's carriage drove up to the door, and out of it came its owner, as well as Mrs. Vane and the General. Sabina opened the door before the man had had time to knock. And no sooner had Mrs. Vane entered than she was confronted by Sabina.

"What do you want here?" she asked.

Sabina had, as Flossy expected, come with demands that would not perhaps have been easy to satisfy; but all her plans were swept away by the appearance of Westwood in the square. Sabina did not attempt to stand on ceremony.

"For goodness' sake, ma'am, don't go up-stairs nor let them go just yet!" she said hurriedly. "There's the man Westwood in the square—and his daughter's just gone up to Mr. Lepel. I know him by sight perfectly. If you want to be arrested, ma'am, you could get it done now easily."

"What's that?" said old Miss Vane, stepping back with her hand to her ear. "Why are you looking so pale, Flossy? What's all this about?"

Flossy looked at her husband and then looked at Sabina. She would have given anything to stop Sabina's tongue. For the General had never yet been aware of one half of her manœuvres, and she did not think that he even knew that Westwood was alive. The whole thing would probably excite him terribly; and there was a certain unsigned document in the General's bureau, at home about which Flossy was particularly anxious. She had not wanted him to hear too much about Westwood's fate.

But there was no help for it now. He came forward with his sister, wanting to know what all the disturbance was about, and questioning first one and then another in turn.

Sabina was most voluble; but, acting on a hint from Mrs. Vane, she did not at once say how she came to recognise the man. The General flew into a rage, as Flossy had expected him to do, and wanted to go out and lay hands himself on his brother's murderer.

With great difficulty his wife and sister persuaded him to listen to reason. The footman was despatched for the police, and Jenkins was deputed to accost the man and bring him to the house. In this last piece of business Flossy took the lead. She had a notion that Jenkins was in Cynthia's confidence, and would not do what was required of him if he knew its purpose; and for that reason she coolly gave him a message from Hubert and Cynthia. Neither the General nor Miss Vane heard of it, or perhaps they would not have allowed it to be sent; but it certainly effected all that they desired. Quietly and unsuspiciously Westwood came stepping across the square in Jenkins's wake; and just as quietly he was taken up the stairs and shown into a little sitting-room, where it had been decreed that he should be delayed until the police could arrive.

But Westwood was not altogether at his ease. He was surprised to find that neither Cynthia nor Lepel was there to meet him—surprised to find himself left alone in a bare little room for five or ten minutes at the very least.

At last he tried the door. It was locked. And then the truth flashed across his mind—he had been recognized—he had been entrapped. Perhaps even Cynthia and Hubert Lepel were in the plot.

They had perhaps meant him to be caught and sent back to Portland, to die like a wild beast in a cage.

"There'll be murder done first!" said Westwood, looking round for a weapon.

"Let's see which is the strongest—Hubert Lepel or me. And now for the door! The window is too high."

He had found a poker, and dealt one crashing blow at the lock of the door. It was not strong, and it yielded almost immediately. There was a shriek from some one on the stairs—the rush of two men from the hall. The General and a servant were instantly upon him, and, what was worse, Cynthia's arms were around his neck, her hand upon his arm.

"Father, don't strike! You will kill somebody!" she cried.

"And what do I care? Is it you that have given me up? Do you want me to die

like a rat in a hole!" the man cried, trying to shake her off.

But the men were at his side—resistance was useless—the door at the foot of the stairs had been barred, and there was no way of escape.

"The police will be here directly—keep him till they come!" cried the General at the top of his voice. "I shall give him in charge! He is the murderer Westwood, the man who killed my brother, Sydney Vane and afterwards escaped from Portland Prison, where he was undergoing a life sentence! I remember the man perfectly. Sabina Meldreth, you can indentify this man?"

"Oh, yes, I can identify him!" said Sabina curtly. "He's Miss West's father, any way—and we all know who that was. We heard her call him 'father' just now her very self."

The servants tightened their grasp on the man's arm. But at that moment an interruption occurred.

The drawing-room door was flung open, and Hubert Lepel, ghastly pale and staggering a little as he moved, appeared upon the scene.

"This must go no further," he said. "Keep the police away, and let this man go. He is not Sydney Vane's murder."

"Don't interfere, sir!" shouted the General from the stairs. "This is Westwood, the man who escaped from Portland—and back to Portland he shall go!"

"It is Westwood, I know," said Hubert, supporting himself against the door-post, and looking down upon the excited group below; "but Westwood was not a murderer. General, you have been mistaken all this time. I wish to make a statement of the truth—it was I who killed your brother Sydney Vane! Now do what you like with me!"

CHAPTER L.

A SUDDEN hush fell upon the group. Each looked at the others aghast. The general opinion was that Mr. Lepel's fever had returned upon him and that he was raving. But at least three persons knew or suspected that he spoke only the truth.

"He's mad—delirious!" said the General angrily. "Take him back to his room some of you, and then help me to secure the criminal!"

"You had better come here and listen to my story first," said Hubert still clutching at the door to steady himself. "Keep the police down-stairs for five minutes, General, if you please. Neither Westwood nor I shall escape in that time. Jenkins, drop that gentleman's arm!"

Jenkins relinquished his hold of Westwood's arm with great promptitude. Cynthia said a few words to him in an undertone which sent him down-stairs at once. She had heard the front-door open and shut, and believed that the police had come.

They, at least, could be detained for a few minutes—she had no hope of anything more; but she felt that Hubert's confession should be made to his own relatives first of all.

She ran to his side and gave him her arm to lean upon, conducting him to the drawing-room; and thither the others followed her in much agitation and perturbation of mind.

The General was almost foaming at the mouth with rage; while Westwood marched into the drawing-room with the air of a proud man unjustly assailed.

They found Hubert leaning against the mantelpiece. He would not sit down; but he was not strong enough to stand without support. Cynthia was clinging to him with her face half hidden on his shoulder; his arms were clasped about her slender waist.

"What does this mean?" said the General quickly.

"It means," answered Flossy's quiet voice, "that Hubert is raving, and that the Doctor must be sent for immediately."

"You know better than that, Florence," said her brother. "I speak the truth and nothing but the truth. I accuse no one else; but I wish you all to know what were the facts. It was I who met Sydney Vane that day in the fir plantation beside the road that leads up the hill to Beechfield. We quarrelled, and we agreed to settle the matter by a duel. We were unequally matched. He had a revolver and I had this man Westwood's gun, which I found on the ground. We fired, and Sydney Vane fell."

There was a brief silence. Then a bitter cry escaped from Miss Vane's lips.

"Oh, Hubert, Hubert," she wailed, "can this be true?"

"God knows that it is true!" answered Hubert.

His face carried conviction if his words did not.

"It is impossible!" cried the General. "To begin with, if you had committed this crime—for a duel in the way you mention was a crime and nothing else—you would never have allowed this man to suffer for it. I absolutely refuse to believe, sir, that my kinsman is such a base cowardly villain! This is a fit of delirium—nothing else!"

"It is the simple truth," said Hubert sadly. "That I did not at once exonerate Andrew Westwood is, to my thinking, the worst part of my crime. I acknowledge that I—I dared not confess; and I left him to bear the blame."

"Good heavens, sir, do you tell me that to my face?" thundered the old man, with uplifted hand. "You are a disgrace to the family! I am glad that you do not bear my name."

He would perhaps even have struck the younger man if Cynthia had not twined her arms more closely round Hubert's neck, and made herself for the moment a defence to him. But Hubert drew himself away.

"Let me go, Cynthia," he said quietly. "You must not come between us. The General is right, and I am a disgrace to my name. He must do what he thinks fit."

But the General had turned away, and was walking furiously up and down the room, too angry and too much overcome for speech.

Miss Vane was sobbing bitterly. Flossy watched her brother's face. She saw that he was trying not to implicate her. Would she escape? If his silence and her own could save her, she would be safe. But she had reckoned without Andrew Westwood.

"I beg pardon sir," said Cynthia's father, addressing himself to the General; "but this is not fair! Mr. Lepel is getting more of the blame than he deserves. Suppose you let me speak a word for him?"

"You!" said the General, stopping short. "You, who have suffered his punishment, cannot have much to say for him! If—if this is true," he went on, with a curious mixture of stiffness and of shame, "we have much to answer for with respect to you—much to make up——"

"Not so much as maybe you think," said Andrew Westwood. "I was bitter enough at the time, and I have thought often and often of the words that I said at the trial—how I cursed the man that brought me to that pass and all that he held dear. Curses come home to roost, they say. At any rate, the person who is dearest to him, I believe, is my very own daughter, whom I myself love better than any one in the whole wide world; and far be it from me to wish evil to her or any one that she loves."

Miss Vane's handkerchief fell to her lap. The General stared at the speaker open-mouthed. The man's native nobility of soul amazed them both. Andrew Westwood went on soberly.

"You have not asked Mr. Lepel how he came to fight Mr. Vane, sir. You might be sure that it wasn't for a poor reason; and there was never anything considered dishonorable in a fair fight between two armed men."

"That does not do away with the injury to yourself," said the General grimly. "Such blame as there was ought to have been borne by him and not by you."

Westwood waved his hand.

"As for injury," he said, "me and Cynthia have agreed to forget about that. If I'd been at Portland all this time, why, then no doubt I should feel it worse. But I got away after four years of it, and made my way to America, and 'struck ile' there. I've done better since then than ever I did in my life before; so I have no need to complain. But you haven't asked him why he fought, Mr. Vane, sir."

"Well, why was it?" said the General sternly and grudgingly.

He did not see that his wife suddenly rose from her seat, and with clasped hands darted a look full of miserable fear and entreaty towards her brother.

But all the others saw, though some of them did not understand; and Hubert responded to the appeal.

"I cannot tell you," he answered, with his eyes on the ground.

"But I can!" said Westwood. "And Mrs. Vane could, if she chose! Blame her if you like, sir, for she's known the truth all along as much as Mr. Hubert's done; and it was to save her that he would not open his lips."

They had tried in vain to stop him—Hubert by angry imperative words, Flossy by a piteous cry of terror; but Westwood's rough sonorous voice rose above all other sounds.

He paused for a moment, looking at the General's face of incredulous dismay, at Mrs. Vane's shrinking figure, and his tones softened a little as he spoke again.

"I don't wish to say more myself than is necessary. Miss Lepel as she was then and Mr. Sydney Vane were in the habit of meeting each other in the wood. Many of the village people knew it—it was common talk in Beechfield. Mr. Lepel found it out and was angry. He told Mr. Vane there must be no more of it; and then the quarrel followed that Mr. Lepel speaks about. I don't want to make too much of it"—casting a reluctant glance at Hubert—"but I think that Mr. Lepel was right in objecting and in trying to put a stop to it."

It was certain that he had very much softened the facts of the case; but the General could not have looked more confounded, or Flossy more overwhelmed, if a great deal more had been said.

The veins swelled upon the old man's forehead, his face grew lividly purple as he strode over to his wife's side and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Florence, is this true?" he said.

She sat mute and shrinking in her chair, crushed as if beneath an invisible weight—her hands clasped, her white face averted. Miss Vane, watching her eagerly, felt with a thrill of horror that she looked like a guilty woman.

"Is this true?" the General asked again, giving her a little shake. But Flossy still sat mute.

Then Miss Vane interposed.

"Let her alone, Richard," she said. "She is overcome—she cannot answer just now. She will explain everything by-and-by."

"Speak!" cried the General, his eyes blazing with rage.

He would have shaken her again and more violently if Hubert had not interfered.

"You forget, sir, that she is a woman and that she is your wife," he said. "Whatever may have happened in the past, she has no doubt regretted what was an imprudence. I was to blame for taking up the matter too seriously. You know what your brother was; I know my sister. We must judge them by what we know."

The words were halting and ambiguous; but they produced some effect. The General fell back, still gazing at his wife; and Flossy, released from the pressure of his heavy hand, sat up and looked about her with a strange red light glowing in her eyes.

Then, to everybody's horror, she burst into a fit of wild laughter terrible to hear.

"He says that he knows his sister!" she cried. "Oh, yes—he knows her well enough! What maudlin stuff will he talk next? 'Imprudence' in meeting each other in the wood! I tell you that Sydney Vane loved me—that he was ready to abandon wife and child for me!"

"Florence, have mercy! Stop—stop!" cried Hubert.

But his sister would not stop.

"He was ready to go to the world's end with me, I tell you! We had arranged to start the next day—we were going to Ceylon, never to come back again. We meant to be happy because we loved each other. That was what Hubert found out!" she cried, laughing wildly. "That was what he tried to stop! That was why he killed Sydney Vane—the man I loved—oh, Heaven, the man for whom I would have sold my very soul!"

And then the hysteric passion overcame her, and she fell back in a frenzy of laughter, sobs, and screams, painful alike to see and hear. Cynthia, Miss Vane, and Sabina went to her aid.

Between them they carried her into another room, whence her terrible screams resounded at intervals through the house; and the three men where left alone. The General sank down upon a chair near the table and hid his face in his hands. He was breathing heavily, and every now and then a moan escaped him in the silence of the room.

"Oh, Heaven," he said, "what have I done that this should come upon me all at once? What have I done?"

Hubert, exhausted by the excitement that he had gone through, staggered to the sofa and threw himself down upon it. Westwood remained in his former position grasping the back of a chair and looking from one to the other, as if he were anxious to help, but knew not how to offer any assistance. In the silence that prevailed, the sound of heavy footsteps could be distinctly heard upon the stairs. The police had arrived at last.

Almost immediately Cynthia and Sabina Meldreth returned to the room. They had left Miss Vane with Florence, who seemed more manageable when her aunt touched her and spoke to her than with anybody else.

And, as soon as they came in, Cynthia went up to Hubert, kissed him, and sat down beside him, holding her hand in his. But Sabina Meldreth looked fixedly at the General.

"Don't take on, sir!" she said, going up to the table and speaking rather softly. "She ain't worth it—she's a reg'lar bad 'un she is!"

"Woman, how dare you!" cried the poor General, starting from his seat, and turning his discolored face, his bloodshot eyes, angrily upon the intruder. "I do not believe a word—a word you say! My wife is—is above reproach—my wife—the mother of my boy!"

There was a curious little hitch in his speech, as if he could not say the words he wanted to say.

"The mother of your boy!" cried Sabina, with intense scorn. "Much mother she was to him! Look here, sir! I'll own the truth now, and perhaps it will soften things a bit to you. The boy was not Mrs. Vane's at all—he was mine."

Every one started. The General uttered an inarticulate cry of rage; then his head dropped on his hands, and he did not speak again. In vain Hubert tried to silence the speaker.

"Keep your story for another time," he said. "There is no need to make such accusations now. You cannot substantiate them, and you are only paining General Vane."

"You'd better ask Miss Enid, sir," said the woman half defiantly, half desperately. "She knows. It troubled her a good bit as to whether she ought to tell the General but I believe she decided not. Mrs. Vane thought that if she married you you would keep her quiet. My mother confessed it all to Miss Enid on her death-bed. I expect the Rector knows too by this time. He was always trying to get it out of me."

"Can this be true?" said Hubert, half to himself and half to the General. But the old man, with his head bowed upon the table, did not seem to hear.

"It's true as Gospel!" said Sabina. "And I don't much care who knows it now. My prospects are all gone, as far as I can make out. This gentleman here is not the murderer, it seems, and so I shan't get the three hundred pounds for finding him; and Mrs. Vane's payments will be stopped now, no doubt. She was giving me two hundred a year. I'll take less if you like to give me something, sir, for going away and holding my tongue. When Mrs. Vane knew about—about me, and mother was in trouble over my misfortune, it was just at the time when your own little baby was born, sir. It was a boy too, and it died when it was only twelve hours old. And Mrs. Vane spoke to mother about my baby that was just the same age; and mother and I both thought it would be a good thing if my little boy could be made the heir of Beechfield Hall. For in that way Mrs. Vane's position would be better, and she would be able to pay mother and me a good round sum. And so we settled it. But now poor little Dick's dead and gone, and all Mrs. Vane's schemes have come to naught. Mother always said that there would be a bad ending to the affair."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PECULIARITIES OF PAINTERS.—Protogenes, the Greek painter, was an impatient man. In painting a picture of a tired, panting dog, he met with satisfactory success except that he failed in every attempt to imitate the foam that should have been seen on the dog's mouth. He was so much provoked over it that he seized the sponge with which he cleansed his brushes, and threw it against the picture with the intention of spoiling it. It happened to strike on the dog's mouth and produced, to the astonishment and delight of the painter, the very effect that he had labored so persistently to imitate. Paul Veronese, like many other painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed great liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room, allowing not even a servant to enter. He would not suffer even the maid to make his bed, and the sweepings of the room were left outside of the door for her to remove. He slipped away without bidding the family good-by. On entering the room the servant found the sheets of the bed missing, and at once reported that the painter must have stolen them. After a careful search a roll was found in the corner, which proved to be a magnificent picture of "Alexander in the Tent of Darius." It was painted on the missing sheets of the bed, and the artist had chosen this curious way of recompensing his hosts for their generous hospitality.

NEVER AGAIN!

BY J. CASSELL.

Never again will the fay-like boat
For her and me on the waters float;
Never again will the broad, blue sea
Echo the laughter of her and me;
Never again in the same sweet way
I'll clasp her hands in the silver spray.

For I'm alone in the world; and she's
Sailing, perhaps, upon other seas,
Hand in hand in the silver spray
With one who has ta'en her all away—
Away from me and the love that I
Did swear unto her should never die.

A Case of Delusion.

BY MRS. HOEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE JANSSENS came of a respectable old Dutch family, and claimed, among their ancestors, that famous artist of the same name, who had painted the best picture of the carnal delight of eating and drinking within my knowledge. They had settled in England for many years, and the present Janssens were half English by blood; but they had certain distinctively Dutch points about them, although there was no strong resemblance between the respective existing members of the family—only three in all—and the elder of the two sisters had inherited her mother's dark eyes and hair.

There was, first, the man of the house, my friend Hendrik, who came half-way between his sisters, Mechtilde and Jacqueline, in age.

He was a good-looking fellow, with the pale-blue, limpid, slow-moving, but exceedingly acute eyes of his ancestral race, and something in his gait irresistibly suggestive of skating.

He never practised that art to my knowledge; but when we started for one of our long walks, he would throw his head back, fold his rather short arms across his chest—I could not have carried my arms so for two minutes—and give a peculiar roll to his ankles. Then I would be reminded of whole galleries of pictures of Dutch people skating cheerfully on frozen canals under grey skies, to and from market-places of their quaint, old, red-roofed towns.

Hendrik was the best of fellows, but taciturn, and remarkably prudent for a young man. He was a photographer by profession, and had already obtained a fair share of success.

His sisters lived with him, in the small house of Hampstead, that formed a part of the modest provision which his father—who died when the three children were young—had been able to make for them.

The Janssens were in mourning for their mother when I made their acquaintance, and I dare say her plain black garments aided me to define the impression produced upon me by the elder sister. It was like remembrance.

I knew I had never met her previously; but where had I seen somebody strikingly like her?

Presently, when she rose and stood by the open window, placing one of her large, finely-shaped hands on the back of a chair, while she looked straight before her at the shadows on the heath, I found the link of association—it was of Margaret von Eyck that she reminded me.

Of Margaret von Eyck in the vast study in which she and her brother painted "The Adoration of the Lamb." Not from her English mother—with the soft-brown Devonshire hair—had Mechtilde Janssen got her coloring. It was that of the Low Countries—quite a different thing.

She was a tall, well-built woman, thirty years old at the time of which I write, a little too much abstracted to be sweet, but with reserves of sweetness as we soon learned, with a high, square brow, an even colorless, olive complexion. Her face was full of capacity and endurance. The long, thin, finely-marked lines of the eyebrows, and the fulness of the dark-fringed eyelids were especially noticeable. Her manner was gracious, well-bred, but uninteresting to an habitual observer of manner as I in my capacity of fiction-monger am bound to be: and it conveyed the effect of preoccupation beyond the ordinary cares of a small household and a mode of life which was, at any rate, comfortable and leisurely.

One is tempted, having reached a conclusion respecting anybody, to fancy that one's earliest impression tended that way. We use the hateful phrase—"I told you so"—as often to ourselves as to other people. I will not yield to the temptation in this instance. When I first saw Mechtilde Janssen the only impression I carried away was that one which I have recorded: her resemblance to Margaret von Eyck.

It was a good deal later, and after the Janssens had become supremely interesting to me for a personal reason, that I began to be convinced there had been a story in the life of the elder sister, and to wonder what it was. I did not entertain any hope that I should learn, unless, indeed, a contingency—then so remote as to be almost out of common-sense sight—should be realized, and by that means I should come to share the confidences of a family singularly little given to talk of their affairs.

It was impossible not to wish to know whether I was right; very difficult to keep curiosity absolutely out of my demeanor, especially after I had become a constant visitor at the Janssens' house and Hendrik's intimate friend. They were quiet people, and the sisters revealed their hereditary proclivities by an unusual attention to domestic affairs. They neither slaved nor fussed; they sacrificed none of their intellectual tastes to housekeeping; but never have I been admitted to a near view of so exquisitely-kept house as theirs. In it order reigned, without preliminary warfare, and dainty cleanliness reached the height of fine art, without ostentation, exasperation, or any patient male sufferers being driven to sigh for a little dirt with tranquility. Tasteful simplicity was the "note" of the house; and self-respect, dignity, sympathy—those things which mere wealth cannot give—were the chief characteristics of its inmates.

It did not take me long to discover whose was the master-mind in all their inventions, devices, and arrangements, the results of which were so satisfactory; and further, that the master-mind was constantly at work for the benefit and comfort of others, but did little on her own behalf in things external, being full of that story, whatever it might be, of whose existence I had no right to indicate a suspicion.

Mechtilde Janssen was at once the centre of the household system and the life of the lives of her brother and sister, and yet apart from their current and accidents. I remember, when the puzzle and problem of my perception that so it was came to me, there flashed into my mind the recollection of a story I had read in my boyhood, about a woman who had been taken by force out of a convent—in which she had pronounced her vows—and brought into the great world, wherein she played her part; but always with the heart, the spirit, and the insulation of the cloister; and I associated this story with the impression that Hendrik's sister produced upon me.

I come now to the third member of the little household—Jacqueline. She was ten years her sister's junior, just twenty when I first knew them, and totally unlike her in personal appearance, save that she, too, was of tall stature.

Take the sunny and joyous beauty of one of those glorious Dutch women whom Rubens has made to live forever on his canvases, divest it of every touch of coarseness, leaving the youth, the health, the strength, the gladness unaltered, invest that figure with the grace that Vandyke gave to the great ladies whom he portrayed and you will have a notion of Jacqueline Janssen as she was when I saw her first in the springtide, among the tulips and hyacinths in her little conservatory.

I prided myself in those days on my powers of observation, and my quick perception of the possibilities of a "subject;" but although her beauty shone on me like sudden sunlight, it did not suggest any notion of that kind.

No, no, in a very short time I knew quite well that Hendrik's sister was indeed a fitting heroine for a story; for the story, not of my fancy, but of my life.

At first I could only feel "this is the most beautiful girl in the world;" nor has her loveliness—with which I honestly and manfully confess I fell in love at once, and offhand, without an instant's troublesome speculation concerning her moral and intellectual endowments—lost its charms for me, now that I have good reasons to know how profound was the wisdom of that typical act of folly.

The episode in my experience which I am about to relate, has, however, nothing to do with my true love, so I may dismiss that topic in a few words. Its course ran with unusual smoothness, except in the direction of money.

I had no income beyond what I made by my pen; and although I had been creditably described in one or two influential journals as a promising writer, I could not venture, until the indicated promise had progressed into performance, to ask a beautiful young girl, who had never experienced a day's real discomfort, or a serious privation in her life, to share so uncertain a lot.

I am not going to state how soon it was after I had fallen in love with Jacqueline at first glimpse, that she consented to hold herself engaged to me, and wait for ever so long.

I am sure, for all that, she expected the novel I was then writing to raise me to the zenith of literary fame within a week of its publication. Suffice it to say, we were engaged; we were prepared to wait, and we were happy. So was Hendrik. His disinterested nature came out strongly under these circumstances.

Unlike most brothers whom I have observed, he recognized his sister's beauty, and he did not regard her as a bore. Hendrik might have anticipated a far better match for her than myself; and he was not a romantic person by any means—nevertheless he was satisfied.

My permanent abode was a small flat in an unfashionable quarter of London. Hendrik carried on his business in Oxford Street; it was our custom in fine weather to walk out to Hampstead together after his business hours, and the sisters would sometimes come to meet us.

Hampstead wore a glorified aspect in those days, and indeed the place had never become commonplace to me.

I was not certain of Mechtilde's feelings about her sister and myself. We were not very intimate, she and I, and I sometimes fancied that I had not succeeded in concealing from her the curiosity with which she inspired me, and that she silently resented it.

She had received the news of my proposal to her sister without the least surprise—Hendrik, man and brother-like, had not suspected that any such thing was in contemplation—she had spoken very kindly to me; she had done everything to render my position in the house, in the always awkward character of an accepted lover, as pleasant as possible; she had not objected to my vague prospects.

Still, I knew there was something, and after I had said so to Jacqueline, and she had pointed out to me all the particulars of her sister's conduct which I have just stated, I could not pretend to be convinced but repeated that there certainly was—something!

I could not help observing that Mechtilde's clear, olive cheek grew a shade paler at times, when her dark, solemn eyes rested on her sister's sunny beauty, and that the slow smile which transformed her face when it crossed it, came more rarely.

Did she dislike him? Did she distrust him? Was she not sure of Jacqueline's feelings? What was it? The sense of this something disturbed me, and of course I could not refrain from worrying Jacqueline about it; no doubt my vanity was at the bottom of my disquiet.

At last she turned a little pettish, and said:

"I don't believe there is anything at all; but, if there be, it is only Mechtilde's dislike of a long engagement."

This explanation made my mind easier, but it somewhat injured my estimate of Mechtilde's good sense. She could not possibly dislike the delay of my marriage with her sister so much as I did; but she was unable, it seemed, to see it in the same light.

A few happy months had fled; I had finished my novel, and confided it to a publisher, and Jacqueline was beginning to count the days until it should be out in the glory of three volumes, red cloth binding, and a title-page of the magical mystical order.

Many were the projects we formed for employing the brief interval of leisure which I proposed to allowed myself, but not one of them was based upon the real requirement in a case of tired brain—entire change of scene and surroundings. When Hendrik pointed this out, and although I received his suggestion with gross ingratitude, I knew he was right.

"My real holidays and yours don't fit in," he said. "I follow the fashion of the swells, you know, and leave town when they do, because they no longer require my clever posing, artistic grouping, and so on. I could not say let us make a party and go anywhere for more than a couple of days, and so it will end in your mooning about Hampstead a good deal, and taking the girls to crowded exhibitions and hot theatres by way of a thorough rest to your weary brain. I suppose it does take a great deal out of one," he added thoughtfully, with a queer look at me; for my profession of light literature was as incomprehensible to him as his photographer's art was to me.

We were satisfied with this state of things; neither of us ever attempted to investigate the methods of the other, although Hendrik was free of my writing-room, and I was free of his medicinally-smelling premises, with their incongruous properities. I had even once been in a dark chamber, with a great deal of green baize about it, where his incomprehensible slides underwent certain processes, the least mysterious of which he called the bath, and where alarming facilities were afforded for hideously disfiguring one's hands with corrosive fluids.

"It takes just as much out of one, my dear fellow," was my answer, "as any other work, which is the business of a man's life, takes out of him, if he does it honestly. There is a deal of nonsense talked about brain-work: everything is brain-work for the matter of that; and we all want a holiday after a spell."

Two evenings later, when I went to his studio in Oxford Street to pick up Hendrik for our customary walk to Hampstead, I found him waiting for me with what for him was impatience and excitement.

"Anything unusual? Anything wrong?" I asked.

"Something unusual, but not wrong; although you may make it much more right if you will do what I want. Come on; I'll tell you all about it when we get out of the worst of the crowd."

He hurried me along, walking with that odd suggestion of skating in his gait, and presently, turning up a shabby short-cut to which we rarely resorted, he began to tell me his news.

"You remember Potter," he said, "the man with a craze for craniology. I did all the illustrations for his big book last autumn, and he was greatly pleased with them."

"Certainly. I remember, too, some remarks which he made about my own skull and that I considered them more learned than polite."

"That's the man," said Hendrik, nodding his round head approvingly. "He thinks nothing of manners when his favorite theories are in question. A man is to him merely a skull in appendages. However, he is a very good fellow for all that, and he came to me to-day to put a good thing in my way. It has come in his rather sadly; however, there is no one's grief in this world but profit is made out of it by somebody. He has sent me business before now, though not anything like so good as the present offer. There is a certain great lady—I do not know, and do not want to learn her name—who has an only son to whom she is devotedly attached, and the unfortunate young man, being supposed by his relations and friends to be travelling in remote places among Indians and grizzlies, is in reality hopelessly, but harmlessly insane, and confined in a lunatic asylum in Paris, where he does not bear his own name—I suspect it carries a title. It is a case of delusion, Potter says; the poor fellow is just like himself, and reasonable on all but one point. Of course I did not ask what that point is, nor did I inquire how Potter—who started by telling me that he is in no way related to the lady or her son—comes to be entrusted with so delicate a secret. This, however, he explained by imputing the lady's confidence to her sympathy with his studies in craniology, and her faith in his theories on the subject of madness; these, I suspect, are largely pervaded by his own crank. It appears, besides, that the lady and he are old friends, and that she is so unhappy about the possibility of her son's being badly treated that she felt herself constrained to appeal to Potter."

"All this is quite intelligible," I observed; "but how does it apply to you?"

"I am coming to that. The poor mother had it all settled with Potter that he and she were to go to Paris to see the young man, and that Potter was to investigate every particular of his treatment, and that she was to remove him if things were not according to Potter's notions, when she was suddenly taken ill. It was a partial stroke of paralysis. She is recovering the use of the affected limb, but a journey is wholly out of the question for a long time, if not for always. With the intensity of the fancy of a sick woman, who is also a rich woman, she has begun to long for a sight of her son as he is now. That he is still insane she entertains no doubt. He writes to her, and reiterates his delusion every time; but she wants to judge of the treatment he receives by his looks. I think you begin to see it now. She wants a portrait of him, since she cannot go to him, and Potter has told her that no one will make so faithful a likeness for her as the gifted individual who executed the incomparable illustrations for his book. It is preposterous, and I told him so. There

are first-rate fellows in my line in Paris; but Potter is obstinate. Potter has promised the lady; Potter offers me a sum that will make it well worth my while to undertake the commission—the affair of three days. I can manage that. He is coming with me to report to the poor mother on the case, and"—here Hendrik stood still to laugh—"the queer old fellow has his own little game, too."

"How? What?"

"I wish you could have seen him standing on his toes, nipping my arm, and peering into my face with his bright little eyes through those spectacles of his, which I believe belonged to his grandfather, while he told me, chuckling, of the astute design he had in his mind. It appears he and the doctor who keeps the lunatic asylum are old acquaintances, and correspond from time to time about their respective fads. From information received, Potter believes that the doctor has some rather remarkable skulls in his charge just now, specimens which jump—if you allow me to use the expression—with his ideas of what the skulls in whose inside certain kinds of madness ought to be lodged should be like; and his little game is to get photographs of those skulls. He mentioned with great glee that two of them were closely shaved; and added 'providentially!' I objected that the doctor would hardly like to order patients to sit for their portraits like convicts; but he snapped his eyes a dozen time in sheer exultation as he answered: 'My good scrupulous creature, there never was a madman yet with a skull of the kind I hope to get, who would not have sat for a score of portraits with the greatest alacrity.' It is a strange turn-up, isn't it; but I like the notion somehow. And now about you. I want you to come with us."

"I should not think Mr. Potter would like that?"

"Potter won't mind. I answer for him; and the little trip will do you all the good in the world. Besides"—here Hendrik looked very serious and peculiarly Dutch—"does not one of your people say the novelist ought to be always on the look out for 'human documents'? I should think a lunatic asylum would be a likely place to find some."

After a little more discussion I consented to go with Hendrik to Paris; and no sooner had I done so than the facts he had related, and the possibilities of our projected expedition, took hold of my imagination with great force.

The invalid mother, the insane son, whose case was one of delusion, the pretext used to deceive the world, which would be so cheerfully indifferent to the truth, the mad doctor and his possible ways, the whole matter as it was and as it might be, began to assume the sort of interest, of which, no doubt, every writer of fiction has experience. Hendrik, I suppose, was absorbed in it from his own point of view, for we hardly spoke at all during the remainder of our walk.

In the course of the evening we communicated our intentions to the sisters; but without mention of the object of Hendrik's commission. They were not unduly inquisitive; and Jacqueline took a cheerful view of my temporary absence.

Mechtilde made no comment upon my part in the matter; but addressed herself to the question of Hendrik's requirements for the journey.

As we were to start by the mail train on the next morning but one, I took leave of the sisters that night. I had stayed late; the weather was very fine; the moon was sailing low down in a serene, steel-colored sky; I should have a pleasant walk for a part of the way into town.

Mechtilde and Hendrik stood discreetly at the gate, while Jacqueline accompanied me a little way along the broad path bordering the heath.

I turned for a moment to glance backwards in the moonlight, and caught Mechtilde's gaze, seemingly pursuing me with foreboding mistrust. I had ceased to observe her recently; but that last glimpse of her brought back my former fancies. I felt it was not to me her look was directed, but to the raised ghost of that story which I had never heard.

CHAPTER II.

THE handsome house in which the patients of the well-known Dr. Mariot live out their dreary lives, with such alleviations of their sad case as advanced science and modern ingenuity have provided, stands in well-kept, and, for the situation, extensive grounds, at Neuilly. The doctor impressed me favorably, although I met him with something of the reluctance which the presence of a gaoler would inspire. He was a short, slight man, with keen, but kind eyes, and a straightforward manner.

Potter and he were old acquaintances; and I thought I could detect in the shrewd Frenchman some lurking amusement with Potter's fad.

He was very polite to us all, and personally conducted us over a large portion of the establishment. It was easy to see that the doctor's patients belonged to the wealthy classes only.

The appointments of the house were luxurious; and we saw several of the patients out in the grounds who were, no doubt, under strict surveillance, but nothing of the kind was apparent.

Among my studies from life a visit to a lunatic asylum had not until now been included, and I was immediately struck—as I suppose every one is on seeing that sad sight for the first time—by the isolation expressed in each face.

Of the well-dressed quiet gentleman, of whom we saw, perhaps a dozen, each one looked and moved as though he alone existed in that scene, and as though the doctor's grounds, with their graceful trees, flowering shrubs, smooth winding walks, and gay parterres, were Sahara itself. The weather was warm, and the patients carried their hats in their hands in most cases, to the huge satisfaction of Potter, whose stealthy glances at the skulls—I am sure he was longing to handle them—made him look much more mad than any one whom he saw.

Dr. Mariot informed us that Mr. Clement Winthrop had been apprised of his mother's wish and our expected arrival and that he had taken kindly to the humoring of her fancy.

Hendrik had borrowed the heavy portion of his apparatus from a friend in his own profession, who practised with the assistance of Paris sunshine, and at once set to work at his incomprehensible preparations in a very favorable position on the smooth lawn.

The appearance of the camera and its appendages—I may mention here that I was supposed to have come with Hendrik in the apocryphal character of his assistant—had aroused the attention of some of the least preoccupied of the poor gentlemen in the grounds, and the doctor had skilfully contrived that among those who came up to the spot we occupied, and looked on with a fitful curiosity, the two skulls so coveted by Potter should be included.

I was too new to such sights to be capable of deriving amusement from anything inside the walls of a prison for the separated one; but I was aware that Potter's demeanor was very funny, and that the doctor's method of suggesting to the skulls to have themselves photographed, while Hendrik was waiting for his ostensible sitter, was admirable.

I don't know what were the different forms taken by the insanity of the two gentlemen; beyond the almost invariable leaden complexion and haggard eyes they were not remarkable in appearance; but I saw at once that Potter had been right about the personal vanity which may be generally looked for in the insane.

The skulls were middle-aged, and could hardly have been well-looking at any time; but if they had been professional beauties, or savages of distinction, they could not have displayed greater eagerness to have their portraits taken, or a more punctilious jealousy about precedence under the operation.

Potter stood on his toes, nipped my arm, and hailed the doctor's decision on the latter nice point with innumerable flickers of his eyelids.

Hendrik was operating on the second skull when Mr. Clement Winthrop joined the group on the lawn. The others were intent upon the camera; but I turned away, and was looking towards the house, so that I saw him approaching, and instantly discerned that his gait, his face, and his entire deportment were unlike those of other patients.

He did not walk briskly; but he walked with a purpose. There was not about him that indescribable something which I had always felt in the aspect of one mentally afflicted, even in the most harmless way, with a painful thrill of the nerves, and an involuntary shrinking.

Presently he was shaking hands with Potter, and afterwards with myself; and then we three stood together, waiting for the emergence of Hendrik from under the stifling black veil.

The sitting of the second skull was over; and while the subsequent mysteries were being enacted with the slides, I observed the man whose fate filled me with a profound and also puzzled pity, and I saw that he glanced occasionally at me with curiosity.

In these looks there was neither furtiveness nor vagueness, and I had caught but very few of them before I said to myself:

"This man is not mad."

Let me place him before you, as I saw him only a few minutes before I was convinced of my egregious error.

His age was about thirty-five; his stature tall; he held himself with the ease and grace of an Englishman accustomed to good society; the pose of his well-shaped head was remarkably fine; his face was not handsome, but distinguished-looking; his hair and eyes were dark. He had one little trick of manner; but it would hardly have attracted any attention less concentrated than mine. This was an occasional twitch of the head, as though he were shaking off a fly, and a quick, upward glance. His figure, well-knit and muscular, suggested unusual strength; but there was no coarseness or heaviness about it. The expression of his face was profoundly sad, yet it had not the vague and maundering wretchedness of the melancholy maniac. It was not that of a man with whom one might not unreasonably reason. Every moment my interest in Mr. Winthrop grew.

Hendrik had been right; here was a human document worth the perusal. I had thought more of the mother than of the son in the story he had told me; but now, looking at the man, with the impression that he was not mad growing rapidly into conviction, I felt sure he was not kept in this place against his will.

That is a point on which one can no more be mistaken in the case of a madman than in the case of a prisoner. Little as I know of the former as a class, I knew so much as this; they all want to get out.

Now, if Winthrop were not mad, and yet remained in a lunatic asylum with his own consent, what did it mean? At this point I pulled up my imagination, but not without a great desire to learn the real story of the man's detention.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EARTH'S MOTION.—A German educational journal, proposed a method by which the "moving round of the earth" is demonstrated. Take a large bowl, fill nearly full with water, and place it on the floor of a room not exposed to any shaking or jarring from train or street movements. Sprinkle a coating of Lycopodium powder, a white substance which is sometimes used for purposes of the toilet, to be obtained at an apothecary's. On the surface of this coating of powder make a straight black line an inch or two in length with powdered charcoal; then lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick, or some other straight object, such as an iron curtain rod, so as to be perfectly parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark, with reference to the object with which it was laid parallel. It will then be found to have moved about from east to west in the direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in revolving, has carried the water and all in the bowl with her; but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind, and the line will always be found to have moved from east to west; which is the best proof that everything else has moved the other way.

THE BEST TIME.—Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry would be any age between 24 and 30. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages, but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble and the character is unformed. The consideration which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would, in many cases, have little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents the seven years between 17 and 24 are the period where mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development.

MRS. HOMESPUN—"I'll tell you where you can find a job sawing five cords of wood, poor man."

Tramp (eagerly)—"Where, mum?"

"Just around the corner of the next street."

"Thank ye, mum; much obliged. I might have run right into it if it hadn't been for you."

Conscience is the chamber of justice.

Scientific and Useful.

WOOD POLISH.—For French polish for hardwood doors: 1. Shellac, 2 pounds; wood naphtha, 3 pints. 2. Shellac, 2 pounds; powdered gum mastic and gum sandarac; 1 ounce each; copal varnish, one-half pint; spirits of wine, 1 gallon. Mix and shake cold till dissolved.

FROM IRON.—Fertilizing material is now procured from iron. In the manufacture of Bessemer steel a light basic slag known as Thomas slag is the result, which is reduced to an impalpable powder and sold to the farmers, as it contains a large proportion of phosphoric acid. Those who are familiar with the merits of slag estimate that it contains 21 per cent. of plant food.

AQUARIA.—If the bottom of an aquarium leaks, it had better be re-lined. The following is a cement used for aquaria:—Take one gill of plaster of Paris, one gill of litharge, one gill of fine white sand, and one third of a gill of finely-powdered resin. Mix well, and bottle and cork it until wanted; then mix it with boiled oil and dryers until it is as thick as putty. This cement should be made only in small quantities, as it dries very quickly.

FLOWERS FOR PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.—It is now established that flowers and the perfumes distilled from them have a salutary influence and constitute a therapeutic agency of high value, and that residence in a perfumed atmosphere forms a protection from pulmonary affections and arrests phthisis. In the town of La Grasse, France, where the making of perfumes is largely carried on, phthisis is unknown.

INTOXICATION.—A correspondent mentions using carb. ammonia as an emetic in cases of semi-drunkenness. The drunkard can generally be roused and made to swallow half a drachm of ammoniac carb. dissolved in a wine-glassful of water, and, if drank off, this will at once act as an emetic and restorer. The stimulating effect of the salt upon the stomach prevents the extreme depression often following excess in drinking, while quickly causing its contents to be ejected.

Farm and Garden.

HAY-STACKS.—If you can find nothing better to hold the top on a stack of hay, a few hills of corn pulled up by the roots and tied together at the tips, when hung over the stack at proper distances will answer very well.

THE COW'S TAIL.—A Michigan subscriber writes that the following is the Lake Superior method of holding a cow's troublesome tail while milking: Draw the brush of the tail into the inner bend of the left knee, when sitting down on the milking stool, and hold it firmly clasped by keeping the knee closely bent.

HOGS.—The hog will thrive better if kept clean and given plenty of water. Slop-food does not afford a sufficient supply of water. Milk will not answer as water. The water-trough should be kept filled with clean water at all times. Many hogs fail to thrive owing to the fact that they are given plenty of slop and no pure water.

EGG-EATERS.—In a majority of cases it rarely pays to attempt to cure a hen that has fallen into the habit of eating eggs, and for the reason that she is almost certain to learn others the same trick often almost before you are aware of it, the best plan is to kill the hen as soon as the trick is discovered. It hardly pays to run the risk.

STOCK.—To attempt to improve scrub stock by selecting and breeding is poor economy. You can purchase improved stock and secure the benefit of the work of others cheaper than you can do the same work yourself. Good grades are desirable, but they should be females. Never use a grade male for breeding purposes. The only way to improve the stock cheaply is to infuse new blood by procuring thoroughbred males.

STABLES IN WINTER.—It will cost but a trifle to use ordinary building-paper in the stable. As it can be fastened to the walls in a very short time, it should be used especially on the north side. It is usually fastened on the inside of the walls, and held in place with plastering-lath, which are nailed over the paper, the lath being two feet apart. Paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and serves admirably in keeping out the draughts. It should be used in all stables that are not closely built and warm.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
5 Copies One Year 8 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 728 Sansom St.

"Christ Before Pilate."

Most people know and say there is nothing like a good picture, or a number of them, for putting the finishing touches to a room, whether that room be parlor, sitting, bed-room, or even kitchen. Of course it is not a mere daubed piece of paper, printed black and white, or even in colors, that will bring about this desirable result. It needs to be a *good picture*—a work of art—in the best sense of the word; one that pleases and is restful to the brain and eye at the same time. No matter whether people acknowledge it to themselves or not, there is in everyone a certain idea of beauty that only needs occasion and the proper means to work out. Until this sense is awakened, either through music or art, the mind never really understands what a source of pleasure, improvement and refinement such subjects are. It was once remarked of a painting of the great Italian artist Raphael, that "to look at it was in itself a liberal education." And in a lesser degree the same may be said of any picture with a meaning to it, provided that, of course, the picture and the picture's lesson be good ones.

Feeling the truth of these facts, THE POST has gone to some little time and trouble to secure an art work which it proposes to offer as a premium to its subscribers. In all picture premiums heretofore given by THE POST, our readers will certainly do us the justice to acknowledge them tasteful, handsome, high and select in sentiment, and fitted to adorn any home. But, fine as our past efforts in this line have been, we feel assured that those who get it will readily say that our present offer, "Christ Before Pilate," far surpasses them all.

In order to give our readers an idea concerning the wonderful impressiveness and beauty of this great picture, we refer them to a very full description and reduced engraving thereof presented on the 14th page of this issue of THE POST.

Matters of Discretion.

Discretion is the tie which binds together all the faculties of the mind; without it, they have no more cohesion than a loose bundle of sticks.

He who enjoys the proper exercise of this faculty enjoys it, unfortunately, to the exclusion of countless numbers of his fellow-beings.

It is a faculty which can be developed by practice, and it can be lost by disuse.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the persons who suffer most by the want of discretion are those who possess it in the highest degree.

Mental culture and refinement, whilst giving to their possessors a sense of delight and enjoyment in things unintelligible to vulgar minds, bring also a delicacy of taste and feeling which make all that runs counter to it inexpressibly painful.

A man may be cultured and refined without being overfastidious; but undoubtedly things offend him which give no offence whatever to uncultivated minds.

A vulgar remark, an observation which a moment's thought would have taught the maker of it must be disagreeable to some person present, jars upon his nerves in a manner positively painful; whilst the utterer of it, even if it were brought to his or her notice that the remark had wounded the feelings of some person present, would not feel the least disturbed, and probably make the matter worse by an ill-framed apology.

When we come to consider the use that is habitually made by many of the faculty of speech, we have indeed cause to lament the terrible want of discretion which governs it.

Surely there must be something wanting in our system of education which allows successive generations to be launched into social life without having been taught how to control that unruly member the tongue.

Those who have had more fortunate experiences, or whose own powers of reflection have convinced them of the necessity of such control, have indeed cause to be thankful,

They are saved from the commission of countless mistakes, and from being the cause of frequent injustice and much misery.

The man who has learned or who has taught himself to think before he speaks has acquired the habit of ascertaining almost instantaneously whether what he is about to say will be suitable under all the circumstances of time, place, and company.

What a blessing it would be if everybody else had acquired this habit and acted upon it!

With many people there is no pause for reflection at all between the idea that comes into the brain and the expression of it that comes out of the mouth.

So eager are they to talk, that they have no time to consider whether what they are about to say is worth the saying, or had better be left unsaid.

So incapable are they of entertaining two ideas simultaneously in their heads, that the possession of one makes them feel uncomfortable till they have got rid of it.

The name of some one known to the company is mentioned at table, and it immediately reminds one of these individuals of some story or rumor or scandal about this person which he or she has lately heard.

At once, and without the slightest reflection as to whether the story may be true or not, whether there are friends of the person present to whom it may be offensive, enemies to whom it may be grateful, or servants attentive to pick up any gossip or scandal to retail with embellishments in the servants' set, out it all comes; and the thoughtless babbler, instead of feeling remorse at having done a possibly cruel wrong to an innocent person, is smilingly complacent at having contributed to the general amusement.

Worse than this is the deplorable lack of discretion which prevents the presence of young persons, and even of children, from being any restraint upon this fatal rage for speaking.

That reverence which even the heathen poet felt was due to youth is totally wanting in many who would be highly indignant at the insinuation that their morality could be compared at all with that of a pagan

Incalculable is the evil which "is wrought by want of thought" in this respect; and it can only be by want of thought, for no body with any sense of decency left would wantonly incur the risk of corrupting the minds and defiling the imaginations of the young and innocent.

The extraordinary part of it is that people who have lost all discretion in this respect seem so utterly unconscious that they are doing anything reprehensible

And if people would begin to exercise a new rule of discretion in their intercourse and association with children, it might shortly and beneficially result to them that they would also learn something useful in this respect towards those of larger growth.

HAVE charity; have patience; have mercy. Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant or weak—above all any little child—to shame and confusion of face. Never by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste, never above all by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer, crush out what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow creature.

OBSERVATION and experience teach us that the essentially jolly rarely fall ill, and that when they do their maladies are usually of short duration. This effect may be traced directly to a mental cause. The mirthful temperament has induced a healthful and cheerful cast of mind that holds disease at a distance, and when it does come, promptly subdues it, of course with the necessary medical aid.

DON'T let idleness grow into a habit; for the habit of idleness is, of all the bad habits that mar the efforts of aspiring youth, the most subtle and the most dangerous Once in its fatal grasp, energy, ambition and force of will begin to wither and decay, and the wretched victim becomes lost to life and name and fame forever more.

As we can never fathom our neighbor, let us not try to judge him on defective knowledge. Better still, let us not judge him at all, but welcome from him the sincere expression of whatever commands our respect or wins our sympathy, in the full faith that everything true and good must at last come into harmony.

IF misery be the effect of virtue it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it is produced.

SOME persons are never content with their lot, let what will happen Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

WITH what bitterness of scorn the proverbs of all people denounce idleness! 'Idleness is the mother of mischief." "The devil tempts other men, but idleness tempts the devil." "The devil dances in an idle brain."

IF a man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well.

OF one thing we may be sure—that all adversity has "its uses," and that there are very few natures, indeed, to which an unbroken course of prosperity would not be very detrimental.

IDEAS go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen and chariots.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, and the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

PRIDE is not the heritage of man; but humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

THE emptiness of all things, from politics to pastimes, is never so striking to us as when we fail in them.

DISCONTENT seems natural to some people; they have learned a bad habit of making the worst of things.

The World's Happenings.

The Emperor of China runs 426 servants.

There's a steady importation of Irish jaunting cars.

The number of ball players in the land is estimated at 300,000.

A 14 year old boy, near Philippi, West Virginia, weighs 250 pounds.

Mummies have been marked down to $100 in Egypt, owing to a glut.

"Agitated rat" and "misfit mouse" are fanciful names for new colors.

Noiseless boots, ordered for the London police, would be good for church wear.

Three thrifty cornstalks grow in a soap-box in a New York tenement-house window.

The Kearney, Neb., Enterprise, a daily paper, omits Monday issues to rest its hands.

A citizen of North Hampton, N. H., has been a justice of the peace for more than 50 years.

At Newark, N. J., recently, Henry Gaile, an Englishman, killed and dressed 10 sheep in 22 minutes.

The Pekin Gazette, a thousand years old, drops the information that 1900 of its editors have been beheaded.

A farmer who, with his 10 children, left Iowa for Milwaukee in a wagon, lost six of the little ones through diphtheria.

A want advertisement in a suburban paper is trying to find "a wet nurse for a baby not more than 25 years of age."

In Great Britain the work of all children under 10 years of age is prohibited, and work by those under 13 is limited to half time.

The Grand Duke of Darmstadt has issued an order conferring upon one of his cooks the title of "Court Sauer-Crout Cutter."

After destroying a very large number of letters, Mr. Gladstone has selected 80,000 for preservation, and has built for them a fire-proof room.

It takes about 15 minutes to transmit a telegram from San Francisco to Hong Kong, via New York, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras and Singapore.

A tin peddler who is traveling through Canada has the not altogether enviable reputation of possessing 41 scars on his body—mementoes left by sundry farmers' dogs.

Frederick Douglass expects to some day write a novel in which a colored man will be the hero. Many of his personal social tribulations will be woven into the narrative.

Within a year three prisoners in the penitentiary at Salem, Oregon, have mutilated themselves to escape work. One man cut off all the fingers of his hand with an axe. He is a stout, hearty fellow, but very lazy.

In view of the statement from Cape May that a sweet potato 3 feet 6 inches long was grown there, it wouldn't be altogether surprising if some day vegetables are sold by the foot. In Boston, during certain months, cabbages are sold by weight.

Forty tramps went about St. Helena, Montana, lately, actually begging for employment. They were put to work in a vineyard the same day, the story goes, but by the next afternoon all excepting three had disappeared from the scene of their brief activities.

Tax stamps have been established in Switzerland to enable the poorer classes to pay their taxes in small instalments instead of handing out a lump sum. The taxpayer can buy weekly a few 25 or 50 centime stamps, and so gradually clear off his debt to the government.

The Mayor in France who has the smallest constituency is in the commune of Mortcau, it is stated. He is Mayor of 19 inhabitants, and the taxes last year amounted to $9 25. But he was invited, all the same, by the Government to meet his fellow Mayors at the Paris banquet.

Some time ago a large aerolite fell near Jenny Creek, Wayne county, Pa., part of which contained a very large percentage of iron. The blacksmiths of that vicinity got several pieces of the meteor and worked them up into iron, which they moulded and welded into horseshoes and horseshoe nails.

A New Haven church entertainment society has brought out an entirely new method of mutual introduction. The society paid a return visit to another organization lately, and on the clothing of each person present was a tax bearing the wearer's name, and all were given to understand that no introductions were necessary.

Benjamin C Jones, only son of J. Russell Jones, a Chicago millionaire, has been adjudged insane and sent to an asylum. He was wrecked by dissipation. Recently he lost $250,000 in speculations He married a worthy woman, but his downward course could not be stopped. In six weeks, not long ago, he spent foolishly $25,000.

Mr Gladstone does not smoke. Some years ago he made his last attempt to master the accomplishment, accepting a cigarette from the Prince of Wales. The result was very disastrous. In half an hour the grand old man was flat on his back, gasping for breath at an alarming rate. He says no when tobacco is passed to him now.

In order to get the best account of a recent execution there, a Minnesota editor had one of his reporters arrested and lodged in jail, it is related. The reporter, however, was made to scrub floors and perform other menial services during his incarceration, and when the hour of execution came he was removed to a distant part of the jail.

The prattling of his little grandchild, whom he was wheeling across the Pennsylvania Railroad at the West End crossing, Jersey City, on a recent afternoon, absorbed the attention of fireman Carmen, so that he failed to notice the approach of a train till it was almost upon him. Then he gave the baby carriage a sudden push that carried it out of harm's way. The next instant he was struck by the locomotive and crushed to death. He was 70 years old.

LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

Dear heart, then lay your hand in mine,
We'll travel home together,
We've pledged our love in life's rare wine,
We've had some days almost divine,
Some—clouds and stormy weather.

When first we joined our eager feet
We sang a sadder chorus,
We scarce took time our hopes to greet
We rushed our joys in haste to meet
The world of care before us.

But now, dear heart, your hand is mine,
We'll trudge along together,
We still have draughts of life's rare wine,
And yet some days almost divine,
While we have left far, far behind
The clouds and stormy weather.

An Ornament of Jade.

BY ALFRED HARCOURT.

So many absurd stories have got about concerning Lady Hartwell's jade ornament that it seems advisable the real facts should be now laid before the public.

It is not the case, as has been asserted, that the jewel came into her husband's possession after a desperate fight with a body of Nihilists, nor that it was heavily encrusted with precious stones and of a very considerable value; and though on one occasion a royal prince certainly did comment in favorable terms on the peculiar beauty of the setting, there is no ground whatever for the statement that any foreign power ever entered into treaty for the purchase of the pendant.

It is necessary, to the clear understanding of the whole case, to go back a good many years; and the first point to enter upon is to explain how the stone first came into the Hartwell family.

Some thirty years ago, Julian Hartwell, having passed his medical examinations, had secured a minor post in one of the great hospitals, and was looking about him with a view to either settling in London or purchasing a practice in the country.

As a rule his evenings were at his complete disposal, and it was his occasional wont to drop in at Evan's, where one could hear very good singing, and where, it must be added in justice to Evan's, everything was propriety itself, the gentler sex, we may suppose with the view to propitiating the most misogynist of bachelors, not being admitted into the body of the hall.

On one occasion young Hartwell, who was alone, found himself sitting next to the table occupied by a couple of Germans, whose imperfect English the waiter could not understand, and coming to the assistance of the foreigners, whose language he knew, he was enabled to be of some small service, which was very gratefully recognized.

Had the two in question been his own countrymen, in all probability after the acknowledgment of the obligation the usual insular reserve would have set in, and the several parties might have again drifted asunder; but in this instance there was a different result, and Hartwell, with an active mind, and interested in anything in the shape of an incident, fell presently into a sort of casual conversation with his newly found friends, who informed him they had only recently arrived in London.

It never occurred to the young doctor he would meet the men again, but a few nights subsequently he once more encountered them at Evan's, and they then told him that they found it such a pleasant place they made a regular habit of attending.

They were now accompanied by a third person, an Englishman, who met the doctor with as much friendliness as had the two Germans.

There was no striving for intimacy, and, though Hartwell now frequently saw the two Germans alone or in company with their English friend, they were, so far as he was aware, as ignorant of his name or profession as he was of theirs.

One evening, however, on his taking his seat at his usual table, he found the three alluded to in deep discussion of some subject, and it was a minute or two after he had entered before he was recognized.

The usual good spirits of the three appeared to have deserted them, and in the course of conversation they confided to Hartwell that there was a matter on which, being almost strangers in London, they would be very thankful for his advice, if he would give it.

The Englishman was the spokesman, and he explained that one of his German friends had had a brother staying with him, and he being of a quarrelsome nature had been very roughly handled in a street row and they were most anxious to have him examined by a competent medical man.

Of course, as they allowed, doctors were in scores all round, but there were peculiar circumstances in this case which they were not just yet at liberty to mention, and they were averse to calling in any haphazard surgeon, and would be extremely indebted for any suggestions that Hartwell could offer. Perhaps, added the speaker, he could give them the name of a thoroughly experienced doctor.

Hartwell saw no reason why he should not himself render any service that lay in his power.

The men were not perhaps in the strict sense of the word gentlemen, but they were quiet and well-behaved, and it seemed to him, on the spur of the moment, he might very well offer to see the sufferer.

"I am myself a doctor, gentlemen," he said, "attached to Guy's, and if I can be of use, command me; but if you would prefer it, I can give you the names of two or three men who would, I am sure, gladly lend their medical skill."

"Indeed!" replied the English stranger, visibly brightening. "You would in truth be doing us a very especial service if you would see our friend. But, as I said, there are circumstances in this case that may cause you to hesitate."

"May I inquire——" began Hartwell.

"If you seek to know who they are who are speaking to you, I regret to say for the present we cannot oblige you, nor can we tell you where we reside. All this, I fear, sounds rather too mysterious for you!"

"Not a bit of it. I do not want to know more than you care to tell me."

"The fact is we are not free agents, and we have other people's confidences to guard. The folly of our friend may get us into serious trouble, and we cannot tell you all we are quite sure you might safely know."

"But," laughed Hartwell, "if you do not tell me where the man is who is laid up, how on earth am I to aid him?"

"Oh, you shall see him, but as a mere matter of form we would ask you to allow your eyes to be blindfolded till you arrive at the house."

"I think under the circumstances, considering too, gentlemen, that I have not the least idea who you are, I can hardly consent to any such arrangement."

"So be it, sir," sorrowfully replied the other. "Unless you are quite willing to come we would not ask you to accompany us. The fee, though that of course is nothing to you, is one hundred dollars. And as for the blindfolding, all we would do is to put you on your honor. We cannot let even you see where we are going—remember it is not our secret. If you think you can keep your eyes shut from the time we enter the cab until we give you the word, we will implicitly trust you."

"I am not to be bound in any way?"

"Most certainly not. If you will yourself tie a handerchief round your eyes when we enter the cab, we ask for nothing further, except that you will not remove it till you have entered the house to which we are going. The fee I have here in my pocket."

"I was not thinking about that," said Hartwell, "though of course to a poor man money is money. I am thoroughly to understand I shall be free to look about me when I arrive at my destination?"

"Fully and absolutely. You will, when leaving the house, be again taken to a certain point, and there we shall part. The money, which is in this envelope," here he showed the amount in notes, "we will make over to any one you like, and you can tell this person you are going with us."

"I think," said Hartwell, musing, "I can trust the waiter here. At any rate he looks like an honest fellow."

Acting on this the envelope was closed, and the waiter received it, and, being told the four were going out together, accepted charge of the envelope, which was to be called for on the ensuing day.

Of course, in such a matter as this, the bravest man will hesitate in setting forth on an expedition with almost perfect strangers, under conditions, too, which place him absolutely at their advantage.

But Hartwell had foolishly or not agreed to their terms, and there could be no drawing back now.

The three strangers heartily acknowledged their great sense of the trust he had placed in them, and so passing out of Evan's they entered a cab, and, while directions in a low tone were given to the driver, Hartwell tied his handkerchief over his eyes, and faithfully kept himself from endeavoring in the least to see in which direction they were going.

Nor did his companions in any way attempt to ascertain for themselves whether he was able to see, or by their conversation try to drown the outside noises of the town that even at that late hour were still in full force.

Thus the doctor gathered they had crossed the river by, as he supposed, London Bridge, the cab then turning off into a network of streets of which he knew nothing.

The drive was by no means a short one, and the driver had more than once to be directed as to his course, but at last he drew up, and with an expression of relief the three got out of the cab, one of them assisting Hartwell to alight from the vehicle.

Feeling on the seat, in the aimless way one does when the eyes are blindfolded, the doctor's hand struck against what he fancied must be a large button, and without thinking of what he was doing he lifted this up, and then giving his other hand to one of the strangers he was ushered into the house, and, placing the button in his pocket, was at once courteously requested to remove the bandage from his eyes.

The house he was in was evidently a large and roomy one, but showed signs, even in the hasty inspection that could be given as the party proceeded upstairs, that its days of greatness had long since passed away.

The deep wainscoating was worm-eaten, and the balustrades to the fine broad staircase were a good deal damaged by wear and tear, and were in several instances wanting altogether.

One of the Germans conducted the doctor to a room on the first floor, where a fire was burning, and, lighting a solitary candle which had already burnt low down in the socket, he promised to return very shortly and conduct his guest to the patient's bedside.

It rather struck Hartwell that after the precautions taken to bring him to the house it was somewhat peculiar he should be thus left alone all by himself in a room, the window of which was not even provided with shutters.

And standing musing by the fire; he had thrown his overcoat over a chair; the thought occurred to him he had not acted very wisely in venturing on this expedition, but discussion on that point was useless, and so now the only thing was to make the best of the situation.

He was not worth murdering, and what object could they have in doing him any harm?

Going towards the window, and finding it shutterless, the horrid idea crossed his mind—was it because these unknown men were perfectly certain he could not escape that they were quite indifferent to his now seeing his surroundings?

And these were dismal enough, for the window looked over a courtyard closed in all round by a high wall.

Beyond by the dull light of a gas lamp, in so far as he could make out, he fancied he saw the gleam of water and masts of vessels, but it was all too vague for him to come to any distinct conclusion.

Turning again impatiently to the fireplace, the candle flickered for a second and then went out, and at the same moment his fingers touched the button he had picked up in the cab.

He held this before him, and in the dim light of the waning fire it seemed but a tawdry piece of woman's finery, and he let it fall again into his pocket, absently wondering how long this delay was to continue.

All this time the most absolute silence had reigned throughout the house, but now he caught two sentences.

"He pays for his own folly," was said in German by a voice he did not recognize, the instant rejoinder in English in a female voice being, "You shall not. I will never agree."

Then again there was silence. Considerably disturbed in his mind, Hartwell went to the door, but to his dismay he found this had been noiselessly locked from the outside! He stood for a moment reflecting, and now it dawned upon him that he had been trapped. But what was he to do?

There was the window, it is true, but that seemed a very desperate resource, for it was about twenty feet above the ground, and if he escaped into the yard he would be no better off than in the house.

Then his eye caught a faint line of light running under a double door he had before barely noticed.

This he cautiously approached, the apartment he was in evidently being in connection with the one from which the light proceeded, and stood listening intently.

No sound of any kind met his ear, and he noiselessly turned the handle and slowly pushed the door open. The room was dully lit by a single candle, and appeared to be perfectly tenantless.

But throwing the door fully open and entering, he hesitated in some dismay, for on a rough table at the farther end lay a figure!

Having gone so far, the only thing was to see the adventure out, and Hartwell advanced farther into the room, but to start back in horror and amazement!

Some dreadful tragedy had only recently taken place. The man on the table was apparently dead, a great pool of blood deluging the floor.

His right arm lay across his breast, and, with all his professional instincts aroused, Hartwell at once endeavored to ascertain if life was extinct.

Raising the arm, he perceived the haft of a dagger protruding from the left breast a paper bearing the words "Death to the traitor!" being attached.

At a glance the doctor perceived the unfortunate victim was past all hope, and aghast and shocked at the horrible sight, and wondering how he was possibly to escape from this den of infamy, he rapidly retreated.

It was clear the window was his only chance. He had, at any rate, a minute or two to himself, for no steps were heard anywhere.

He gently opened the sash and peered out into the night, the cold air blowing in somewhat reviving him, acting as it did like a rough tonic; and he inwardly swore he would make a desperate fight before he was overmastered.

The wall was twelve good feet from him, and ah! if he could but reach that. He felt down, and some three feet below the window found a narrow projection that stood out a couple of inches.

It was probable that this ran right along the building, and could he only grip it firmly he might, hand over hand, manage to reach the wall.

Unencumbered by his overcoat, it was not after all very difficult for a man who had always been good at athletics to drop cautiously on to the brick setting, and at once and with exceeding rapidity to move towards the wall, the support fortunately continuing all the way.

It was no easy matter to mount the wall, but desperation gave him strength, and he finally managed to crawl up, and, crouching as low as he could, at last reached the extreme end, and was just about to drop into the road, when the alarm of his escape was given from the house.

It was clear they imagined he was in the courtyard, and this gave a few minutes of delay.

Hartwell dropped into the lane, tore off as fast as he could, and then at the first turning doubled back, found an old boat turned upside down, and crept under the lee of this shelter.

His pursuers were now in full cry, and passed close to where he was. But he was unperceived, a pretty thick fog having very fortunately come rolling up, so that it was next to impossible to see ten yards ahead.

He took care to recollect exactly the direction he had entered the yard, and leaving it again set off running as hard as he could, till, quite tired out, he once more took a rest.

He had lost his hat when jumping from the wall, and all this scrambling over various surfaces had not improved his clothing, so that he did not feel at all comfortable in his mind as to how he was again to enter the haunts of civilization.

All this time he had not an idea where he was, and he had met no policeman. But dawn was now breaking, and people beginning to move about.

He found he was near Deptford, but could form no possible idea how far he was from the house which he had left.

Entering a cheap store he purchased a cap, and, making himself as respectable as he could by means of a hasty brush, he repaired to the nearest police-station and recounted his adventures.

Not until he gave his card as some sort of voucher for his statement was his story paid much attention to, but, as he could give no possible clew as to the whereabouts of the house, the outlook, as the inspector said, was not very hopeful.

Nor was it, and the police from that day to this have never been able to ascertain who the murdered man might be, or the spot where the dismal tragedy was enacted.

On regaining his lodgings the doctor changed his clothes, and, quite forgetting he had put anything into his trousers pockets, hung his garments up in a spare cup-

board, and for days after left them there untouched.

One day subsequently he set to work to tidy up his room, and came across the trinket. Looked at in the full light of day, he perceived at once he had become possessed of a very remarkable, if not very valuable, stone.

In the centre of a piece of jade about an inch square and rounded at the edges, a fine ruby, encircled by a disk of white and black enamel, was engirt by a double triangle in sunk gold ornamented at each corner by diamonds, one edge of the stone being pierced for a ring, to which a thin chain had once been presumably attached.

It now occurred to Hartwell that this stone must have belonged to one of the men in the cab, where it had dropped on the seat, and so come into his possession.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have endeavored to find out the owner, but he thought the less he saw of his late companions for the future the better, and what the more induced him to retain the ornament was that he regarded it as a fair spoil of war, for the notes when recovered from the waiter, were at once seen to be most palpable forgeries, which alone pretty conclusively showed what were the sort of people with whom he had so unwisely mixed himself up.

However, he did not like to keep such a valuable piece of jewelry in a bachelor's lodgings, from which he was absent the greater part of each day, and so shortly after he took the stone with him when on a visit to a friend in the country, and, telling the story to the lady of the house, begged her to keep the ornament for him.

For some years it thus lay by, and he almost forgot its existence. But fortune in his profession smiled on him, and Dr. Hartwell became a fashionable London surgeon, and, engaged to be married, he suddenly recollected the jade stone and presented this to his fiancee, providing it with a very handsome gold chain so that the stone could be worn as a pendant.

The jewel was a remarkable one, and it always attracted attention from the unusual setting of the ruby, which with its white and black enamel cincture rather resembled an eye.

And it moreover seemed that some person or persons were very much determined to appropriate the stone, for frequent were the attempts made to abstract it from Lady Hartwell's possession.

At least this much was gathered, for the second night after she had received the gift her room was entered by thieves, who, however, took nothing away.

It so happened that the jade stone had that very day been sent to the jewellers, and so was not with the rest of her trinkets.

After her marriage again and again was the Hartwells' house entered, but for some cause or another this particular ornament on each occasion happened to be out of the house.

Attempts were twice made when Lady Hartwell—her husband was now a baronet and at the very top of his profession—was returning from balls, to snatch the stone from her neck, and at last both husband and wife fully recognized that the possession of this ornament might be a source of real danger to them; and Sir Julian suggested to his wife that it should be broken up and the brilliants otherwise utilized.

But Lady Hartwell would not hear of this, and stoutly declared—for she was a lady of infinite pluck—that she would wear the stone both day and night, though in deference to her husband's wishes she consented, except in evening entertainments, to conceal the chain and the jewel under her dress.

The house the Hartwells lived in in Royston Gardens, large as it was, had once been a much more extensive one.

But the double line of windows on the right hand of the entrance had years ago been separated off from the main structure, a new door taking the place of one of the windows.

For some time this smaller mansion had been untenanted, but not long before the incident now to be related an elderly lady with a very consumptive-looking son had entered into possession, and, as is so generally the case in London, their next-door neighbors on either side never took the trouble to inquire as to their names or antecedents.

One night the Hartwells had a large dinner-party, and when the ladies had retired upstairs the conversation came round to the subject of the jade stone.

One of the guests who had not before been at the Hartwells' hospitable table, appeared particularly interested, and at his request Sir Julian went over the peculiar events that led to his possession of the ornament.

"And perhaps," in conclusion, said the narrator of the story, "you will hardly think I was very wise to have gone off on such an errand, but you see youth must be the excuse for a great deal of folly."

"Certainly," replied the gentleman who had asked for the account, "it was an uncommonly risky thing to do, but your motive was a good one. And you never heard anything more of these people?"

"Never, nor can I imagine who they were."

"I noticed the stone; it is a very curious one."

"Yes, and one would imagine some effort would have been made to reclaim it," said the doctor.

"But I think you told us that attempts had been made to steal it."

"That is true," assented Sir Julian. "At any rate we have been a good deal troubled by thieves; and now I recollect it, there have twice been attempts made to snatch at Lady Hartwell's neck when she was wearing the stone, but I can hardly imagine that these—the acts of common thieves—could have been directed by those who once owned the stone."

"My dear Sir Julian," said his friend, drawing his chair closer up, the rest of the company now discussing something else, "are you sure you are right in this last supposition? For my part I feel convinced you are not."

"But what grounds——" began his host.

"It occurred to me while you were giving us the story, which, allow me to say, you told in a very effective manner——"

"Long and frequent practice," laughed Sir Julian.

"None the less a good story is a good story, and may be easily spoilt by bad narration—as I was saying, while you were speaking it all of a sudden seemed to me I had seen such an ornament before."

"You don't say so! Where?"

"I happened to be in St. Petersburg a few years ago, and was interested in the Nihilist trials going on. I was present one day when a rather large batch of these—call them enthusiasts or miscreants or criminals or what you like—were before the court, and during the proceedings a jewel very similar to the one Lady Hartwell wears was laid on the table. I could not see it very distinctly, but it appeared to be a jade stone with gold ornamentation, and a valuable jewel in the centre. This had been found on one of the conspirators, but I must say he denied all knowledge of it."

Sir Julian sat thinking for a moment.

"If you are certain of your facts," he then said, "it appears to me that I was in all probability in the hands of men related in some way to those you saw in Russia, and the stone would necessarily have belonged to the fellows whom I met at Evan's. But what has always baffled me is, why they took me to the house at all. It goes without saying it was for no good object."

"One might," returned the other, "fancy a good many reasons. The man you saw dead either was or was not one of the fraternity. The others may have had nothing to do with his death, and have gone to Evan's only hearing he was wounded, and then—for depend on it they knew you were a doctor—hoped by your aid to bring him round."

"No," replied Sir Julian, "I don't think that. You see they tricked me into going, and the notes they gave were found to be false."

"Ah yes, I forgot that. Then take the other side of the case. They must have stabbed the man, and had some difficulty in getting rid of the body. They may have wanted to force you into giving a proper death certificate, or have desired to implicate you in the murder."

"But how could that have been managed?" returned Sir Julian. "I was well known, and any charge of this sort against me would infallibly have broken down."

"True, but you might have been flung against the body and so been marked with blood. In a mere struggle with your captors you would have got your clothes pretty well torn off your back, and then, when the police came, how were you to explain your presence there?"

"But I was taken there blindfolded!"

"So you would have said, but there was only your word for it. Of course you would eventually have explained everything, but appearances would have been much against you, and meanwhile those men would have had the opportunity of escaping."

"Upon my word," said Sir Julian, "I believe your last idea is the correct one. And curiously enough it never before occurred to me. All the same I fancy if they had caught me when I made my escape, I should not be sitting at this table now. What is it, Wither?" as the butler here came up.

"A telegram for you, Sir Julian," said the man, presenting the usual envelope.

Sir Julian rapidly cast his eye over the message.

"Dear, dear!" he said, "this is most unfortunate. My old friend Hansard, at Uxbridge, telegraphs to me his son has been thrown out of a dogcart, and is in great danger. He begs me to come down at once. I fear, gentlemen," to his guests, "I must ask you to excuse me. You see a doctor is never the master of his own time. Shall we join the ladies?"

Lady Hartwell was speedily informed of the receipt of the message, and her husband on bidding her adieu feared it might not be possible to return that night, adding she might expect him without fail next morning after breakfast.

Shortly after the party broke up, and Lady Hartwell retired. As was her wont when she had donned her night attire, she slipped the gold chain round her neck, and dismissing her maid went to her bed.

Her ladyship, as has before been said, was a woman of more than common courage, and she had no nervous fears at having to pass the night alone, for the fact was Sir Julian was not unfrequently called away to attend someone.

She slept with a small Derringer pistol under her pillow, taking very good care, however, that not a soul in the house except her husband knew that she even had the weapon in her possession.

The house was shut up, and perfect silence reigned everywhere. But on the night in question Lady Hartwell did not sleep easily, and at last, wearied with tossing from side to side, she rose, drew the curtains, and pulled up the blind.

It was a bright moonlight night, and she stood for a second or two looking out on the gardens.

The door of her bedroom leading into her husband's dressing-room was partly open, but as she recollected she had closed the outer door, the matter gave her no concern, and, it being a warm night, she was not averse to having a little more air.

The moon now disappearing behind heavy clouds, she left the window and again got into bed; but still the same strange restlessness was upon her, and at last she sat up, half determined to light her lamp and read till she felt sleepy. Just then the merest whisper of a sound to her right reached her.

She was not nervous, and it was, she imagined, a mouse stirring, and she let her right hand fall upon the counterpane.

It closed on a weapon of some sort she had never placed there, and in a second the frightful danger she was in rushed across her mind!

Alone in her room, and no aid near, with the probability of a cruel death after a terrible struggle.

Her hand firmly clenched the handle of the dagger, for in the turmoil of her mind she forgot she had the pistol; nor, indeed, was there time now to search for this under the pillow, for a sudden movement by her side assured her that the crisis had come.

Grasping the dagger, which by some lucky chance had been first laid on the bed and left for a second while the wretch beneath was feeling his way to the surface, the brave woman, with an uncertain hold of the deadly weapon, raised her arm, and, as something in the murky light rose up, she with all her strength drove the blade down in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

It struck some hard and resisting surface, and with a mingled moan and scream of rage and anguish the miscreant, whose head she must have wounded, sank on to the floor.

The sudden fear and the natural terror of the situation had given Lady Hartwell a strength that was not her own, and now the woman's nature was again in the ascendant, and, transfixed with horror, she fell back speechless, though not absolutely unconscious. There was a fearful silence, and then commenced a slow crawling movement on the floor.

She recollected that some one came out from beside the bed, and heard—yet without voice to call out or give the alarm—the weary dragging of the figure of an evidently desperately wounded man across the room, and then she fainted dead away!

There she lay until the morning, when her maid came in as usual. The woman noticed nothing out of the common until she neared the bedside, when, finding her mistress in a dead swoon and the bedclothes stained with blood, she shrieked for aid, and the household came crowding up.

Lady Hartwell was after some little delay restored to animation, and it was at once perceived what a dreadful danger she had encountered.

The floor was covered with blood, which followed the trail of the robber, the marks becoming fainter outside the room and then disappearing.

For the present no further search was made, and it was clear that the villian had managed to effect his escape. No dagger was found, and the jade ornament was gone!

The gold chain was on the floor, but the pendant had been removed, and from that day to this has never been recovered.

The would-be assassin, it was conjectured, having been struck down, must, desperately wounded as he was, have returned and torn the stone from Lady Hartwell's neck, at the same time securing the dagger. But how had he managed to get away?

On further search being made, the red marks were traced through the dressing-room to a spare room, and then it became abundantly evident how an entry had been effected, for there was an aperture two feet broad leading into the adjoining small house.

Closely examining this, it could be seen that with the greatest care brick by brick had been removed, leaving only the paper in the room on the Hartwells' side, and of course this had been broken through with ease and without noise.

The next house, as might be expected, was empty. The elderly lady and her consumptive son had disappeared, and from inquiries subsequently made it was ascertained from the cabman who drove the pair away that one of them seemed to be at death's door, and had had to be carried to the vehicle.

No further trace of them was obtainable, and as to the jade stone it was never seen again.

And when Sir Julian returned early in the morning, the telegram turning out to be a forgery, he declared with the utmost resignation he hoped to goodness he had heard the last of the stone, which had been a source of nothing but anxiety and trouble ever since he first touched it.

THE MISTRESS' EYES.—The Germans have a story which that home loving people like to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket with injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which, in her keeping, would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of a house. Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining room, the library, the parlor, the bedrooms, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes looking carefully about. After a lapse of three years the father was to send the key that the secret talisman might be revealed. The directions were followed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which was written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth one hundred pairs of servants' hands." The wise father knew that a practice of inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self perpetuating—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.

Tom's Friend.

BY C. D.

"COME in, my good girl—come in."

But it was not the slipshod feet of the landlady's little maid that stepped across the threshold; it was a more manly tread; and the young lady who, with her back to the door, was kneeling on the carpet, interrupted herself to glance at the clock on the mantelpiece.

Armed with a hammer and a box of tin tacks, she had been hammering industriously, till disturbed by the tap for admittance.

"Oh! Tom, dear, is it you? Not but that you are always welcome!" she exclaimed, in slightly injured tones, "but this is being too punctual. You have come home an hour and five minutes sooner than I expected you. The consequences are that I am in what Wiltshire Sally calls a right-down caddie. I should have finished this job long ago, and mended the table cover, and put up the clean curtains, only I contrive to hit my fingers as often as the nails, and that hinders me, besides making them awfully sore."

Two more sturdy rap-raps followed this rather incoherent statement; the last corner was secured of the new red drugget that hid the faded, greasy Kidderminster, worn into holes in the service of previous lodgers, and then Madge Harland, glowing with work and excitement, sprang up.

"There, sir, what do you think of my first day's work? Isn't it an immense improve——?"

But the word was left unfinished, for the gentleman standing just inside the door, trying to look serious, was not the person she expected to see.

He was not the Mr. Thomas Harland, who, not long since, had started in business for himself as an architect and surveyor, but a total stranger.

Madge's first impulse was to untie her coarse apron and pull down her sleeves, wondering the while if her hair was very rough, and her face very dirty.

It was a bonnie face, lighted with a pair of brown eyes, that met your gaze merrily and frankly, but just now cheeks and even brow were carnation with annoyance. Why had she so completely forgotten Tom's parting speech?

"It's just possible," he said, "that my old chum Benson will call for some plans I promised him. I can't stop to look them out now, so ask him to call again, or wait till I come in."

She had often heard the name of Benson; often thought she should like to know Tom's faithful friend, and thank him for the kindly deeds he had done the young fellow during the first years of his residence in London.

But she had not desired to make Mr. Benson's acquaintance with a duster tucked into the belt of her Norfolk jersey, and all the chairs piled up on the centre table.

"Mrs. Harland, I presume," said the visitor, as he bowed.

"Oh, no!" was the blushing, smiling reply, "Tom cannot afford to get married yet. I am only his sister, come to stay with him a little while, and try to make his rooms look more bright and home-like. I am sorry he is not in."

"So am I, for I wished—particularly wished—to see him."

Madge regretted to hear this, for it constrained her to repeat Tom's message.

"I was to ask you if you would wait for him."

"He expected me, then? He thought I should call about those alterations in our plans? Then perhaps I had better wait."

To this Madge assented, as in duty bound, though inwardly debating wherein could place him to be out of her way. In Tom's arm-chair on the middle of the hearth-rug, or close to the window, or——

But he was speaking again, and, producing a card-case:

"Perhaps you will allow me to introduce myself."

"There is no necessity," said Madge, hastily, for time was fleeting, and she did not want Tom to find her entertaining his guest in the midst of such a muddle. "We have so often heard my brother talk of you, that your name at home is quite a household word. I will give you a seat and a newspaper, and then, if you will excuse me, I will go on with my work."

Her first attack on the pile of heavy chairs would have brought them clattering about her ears if the steadier, stronger arm of her brother's friend had not been interposed.

By his aid they were soon ranged round the room, Madge plying her duster briskly, and marvelling the while why everything she touched was smutty.

There was a great deal to be done; the dingy table-cover to be so arranged that Tom's writing-case and a few well-bound

books concealed sundry stains, as well as the hole Madge intended repairing.

Then sundry china dogs and shepherdesses, and phials of Alum Bay sands were swept off the mantel-piece into a basket, and thrust into the bottom of a cupboard, to make way for a couple of qualintly-made photograph stands, and some cheap but elegant Parisian vases.

This done, Madge, with modest pride in her performances, unwrapped a couple of pairs of landscapes painted by herself in water-colors, and intended to brighten the dull gray tint of the walls.

"If you wouldn't mind putting up some nails I should be so very much obliged," she said, coaxingly, for surely she need not stand on ceremony with Tom's friend. "You are taller than I, and I daresay you do not rap your fingers so cruelly. I could leave them till to-morrow, but you see I want to give my brother a pleasant surprise. These are sketches of some of his favorite bits of scenery, and I have worked early and late to get them done."

"I shall be pleased to help you," she was assured, and Tom's friend went to work as deftly as if he had made picture-hanging the business of his life."

"If this is your work, Miss Harland," he observed, pausing as he stood on a hassock on the top of Tom's desk on the writing-table—"if this is entirely your own work, you must have considerable talent. Your perspective is not always correct, and your coloring is crude; but those are errors of youth. You should take some lessons while in town."

Madge Harland's brown eyes sparkled with delight.

"Do you think, then, I shall ever paint well enough to sell my pictures? Pray tell me truly. Of course you know from Tom that my father, though known as a clever author, is not rich, and has four boys to start in the world now Tom is off his hands. I should be very thankful if I could help him a little."

"Of your talent there can be no doubt," was the decided reply, "but you certainly ought to put yourself under a good master."

"I am afraid that is impossible," she said. "I must wait a little longer, and then Tom may be able to help me.

"Have you seen him lately?" she went on, her voice breathing of sisterly pride. "Are you aware that the dear old fellow has had a great success at last? Yes, his designs for a new mansion for Sir Frederick Lorimer were selected by the Baronet himself from twenty others, some of which had been sent in by men of high standing. It is Tom's first step to fortune. Already it has brought him the promise of other work, and made all of us so happy and thankful.

"Even our whimsical old aunt," and Madge laughed a little, "has condescended to be pleased; and when she heard I was coming here she gave me the twenty-dollar note I am spending on creature comforts for him."

"Your brother deserves to succeed," said Tom's friend, warmly. "One does not often meet with a man, nowadays, so unassuming and painstaking as Tom is clever."

Madge positively beamed on the earnest speaker.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! It is so nice to hear you say this! Do you know, we had been feeling very uneasy about Tom; he was striving so hard to make a start, and sustained so many disappointments, that he wrote in quite a depressed tone. I am ashamed to say I cried over his letters, poor boy; and I shall love Sir Frederick Lorimer all his life for having the good sense to discern his abilities."

"You do Sir Frederick great honor," said Madge's assistant, as he descended from his perch, and drew back to see whether the picture hung straight. "More, I fear, than he deserves."

"It was a foolish speech to make," she answered, contritely; "but I mean it too. If he continues to be satisfied with Tom, and recommends him——"

"As I have no hesitation in saying he will do," interposed Tom's friend.

"Then he is a dear old gentleman, and shall have a place in my heart always."

Blushing for her own enthusiasm, Madge ran away to shake and put into place the cushions of crazy patchwork that she had made during the winter evenings for Tom's arm-chair.

"It looks quite cozy, doesn't it?" she asked, surveying her work complacently. "When I got here, the dirty windows, the faded curtains, and the general air of discomfort made me wish I had persuaded father to let me come sooner. How miserable Tom must have been!"

"Not so much so as other bachelors I could mention," was the earnest and somewhat sorrowful reply. "Your brother may have spent very lonely hours here, but he knew that within reach he had parents who loved and prayed for him, and a dear little sister full of sympathy with him in all his toils and troubles."

"You speak," said Madge, softly, "as if you——"

"Am not equally favored? Neither am I. For some years past I have been a far more lonely man than Thomas Harland."

Madge longed to say something consoling, but she could only look her compassion, and this she did so eloquently that Tom's friend put out his hand to clasp hers.

However he drew it back again, and in sprightlier tones, flourishing the hammer, demanded what he should do next.

"I don't think I need trouble you any further," and Madge glanced once more at the clock. "Tom will be here very soon. The curtains must be left till to-morrow, for I promised him a high tea, and there isn't a minute to spare. If you will kindly amuse yourself with this newspaper—I am afraid it is three days old, but you'll not mind, will you?"

If Tom's friend laughed it was behind the paper, and he held it so that Madge did not see how amusedly he watched her as she flitted about, too busy to cast a thought or look in his direction.

First there was the fire to be lighted, for even in May London rooms are dull and dark in the early twilight; and when, by a little deft management, it burst into a ruddy glow, she drew a round table near the hearth and began her preparation for the evening meal.

With the aid of a marvellous little spirit-stove that stood in the fender, a dish of cutlets were cooked, and an omelet and coffee made.

Moreover, Madge had found time to run up to the attic rented for her use, there to brush her curly hair, change her dress, and remove from hand and face all traces of the day's labors.

Another trip up-stairs to comfort the fretting children of the sick lodger on the third floor with slices of the cake that had formed part of the contents of a hamper Madge brought with her, and a pause to say a few inspiriting words to the ailing mother and then she ran down once more, singing as she went.

Tom had arrived during her absence, and over a roll of sections and elevations he and his friend were discoursing; but Madge daringly interposed:

"Cannot this be deferred till after tea? It will be cruel to spoil my cookery, and let my coffee grow cold. You will stay, Mr. Benson?"

"My dear Madge!" her brother exclaimed; but whether it was in deprecation of her interference or not she could not tell, for his friend replied promptly:

"I shall be very pleased to stay, Miss Harland, if you are certain I shall not be an intruder."

He was soon reassured on this point, and Madge did the honors of the meal with winsome grace, and such bright looks and lively speeches, that even Tom, who had been unusually grave, regained his spirits and the guest proved himself quite an acquisition.

There were few subjects broached on which he could not converse well; and if Madge had a little fun at his expense when he confessed his ignorance of everything pertaining to housekeeping, he turned the tables on her when she had to acknowledge that this was her first visit to London, and she did not know whether or no the Tower of London was near Oxford Street, or Finsbury Park an adjunct to the British Museum.

"But I mean to make Tom take me everywhere," she declared; "to the Royal Academy and Richmond Hill, and St. Paul's, and Hyde Park and Greenwich Observatory, besides Westminster Abbey and Windsor. I must not miss either of those."

"Are we to do them all in one day?" queried Tom. "And what about my work?"

"True, you must not neglect that, and risk offending your right honorable pair-n just to gratify my vulgar curiosity. Is Sir Frederick at all exacting or fidgety?"

"My dear Madge!" exclaimed Tom, as before; but now he started up from the table, and his friend rose too and murmured that he must be going.

"Have I said anything wrong? Oh, pray forgive me!" cried Madge, ashamed that the gaiety her friends had been encouraging should have carried her beyond the bounds of discretion.

"Wrong!" repeated Tom's friend, "certainly not; the question was a very natural one, and I shall leave Mr. Harland to answer at his leisure."

There was another brief discussion of the plans and then the guest departed, not, however, without shaking Madge by the hand warmly, and bidding her reserve all rough jobs of nailing and hammering till he came again.

Tom Harland lit his pipe and sat smoking and meditating while his sister cleared the table.

It was not till she had sent away the plates and dishes, restored the room to order, lit Tom's reading lamp, and produced a formidable basket of hose that wanted mending, that she came and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"I thought you and Mr. Benson were great-great friends?"

"So we are," was the reply.

"And that you had no secrets from him, but discussed all your affairs with him, and asked his advice."

"Why, so I do. What are you driving at, child?"

"If this is the case, why were you displeased with me for asking about Sir Frederick in Mr. Benson's hearing?"

"You goose, are you still in the dark?" and Tom laughed at her bewilderment. "Benson is not a brown bearded young Hercules, but a small, slight, black-muzzled, middle-aged man; our visitor was Sir Frederick himself."

Madge collapsed on to the hearthrug, and tried to recall every word she had spoken that evening.

When she looked up it was to say, reproachfully:

"You ought to have told me sooner."

"Sir Frederick requested that I would leave you in ignorance till he had gone."

"Then he ought to have told me. It was too bad!"

"He explained that he was not aware of the mistake that you had fallen into till you called him Mr. Benson; and it was so pleasant to be received and treated as an old friend, that he could not resist holding his tongue."

"And I spoke of him as a dear old gentleman, talked freely of my hopes that he would continue to employ you, and said I should——"

But here Madge's face went down upon her hands, and she alternately cried and laughed till Tom grew cross, telling her she was attaching a ridiculous importance to the incident.

It was not at all probable that she would ever see Sir Frederick again.

Neither did she during the remainder of her stay in London; but tickets for the opera, some concerts and some picture galleries, besides sundry baskets of fruit and flowers, proved that the Baronet had not forgotten her.

When Tom could quite spare her, Madge went back to her country home, intending to profit by her studies of the ancient and modern painters, and work hard to achieve greatness for herself.

But her intentions were frustrated, for as soon as she went home Sir Frederick Lorimer visited Dorsetshire, made the acquaintance of Mr. Harland senior, won the esteem of Madge's mother, and ere very long asked the worthy couple for their daughter.

"I have always resolved not to marry," he said, "till I could meet with a dear, good, unaffected girl, who realized my dreams of what a woman should be. I lost my heart to you, my Madge, when you graciously inclined towards me as the trusty Benson. Canno you give me yours in return? Though I am not Benson, I still aspire to be known as Tom's friend."

"You took a shameful advantage of me! I might have said all sorts of dreadful things!"

"Instead of which, you declared with flattering enthusiasm that I should have a place in your heart for ever. You will not retract this?"

And she did not, for she had learned to love him dearly.

THE COMFORT OF OTHERS.—The woman who loves fresh air to the extent that on a chilly day she throws open the windows of the horse car to get it was recently encountered. The car was crowded, and the moment she got a seat, a young man having given her his, she lowered the window behind her and heaved a sigh.

Still she seemed unhappy. The open window evidently had not the effect she had hoped for. Then she arose and, elevating her umbrella, poked open the little ventilating window in the roof immediately opposite and resumed her seat.

A second later she rose again and, prodding a passenger in the back, motioned him to stand aside. He obeyed. Then she poked open the window over his head. As she was sitting down she bethought her of the ventilators on her own side.

She reversed with marvellous rapidity, considering her position, and finally let in more fresh air. By that time her mind was made up, and she carefully pushed open every ventilating window in the car. As she sat down she cast a reproachful glance at the larger windows shut off in her rear by the other passengers. Then she glanced at a lamp post and called out loudly:

"I wish to alight at the next street, conductor."

The car stopped, the lady alighted, after having ridden exactly one block, and the passengers, for whose benefit she had opened the windows, shut most of them tightly again, and then laughed in unison as they watched her retreating form.

BUSINESS SHREWDNESS.—Shrewdness in business shows itself in one way if not in another. There is a young newsboy in New York who never appears on the street until about the time the morning papers are coming out.

He drives a flourishing trade around Printing House Square, and there is no other seller of morning papers in that neighborhood who can successfully compete with him.

He is quick, energetic and obliging, but his success is due to a trick he has of learning men's names. Just how he finds them out is something of a mystery, but he learns them and uses his knowledge to good advantage.

When the man appears in the street the boy, with several others, rushes up to him. Now, no matter how little interest the man feels in any of them, when he hears a particular one say to him, "Morning paper, Mr. B.?" he seldom fails to buy his paper from the one who knows his name.

Perhaps he feels that he owes something to acquaintanceship; perhaps it is only vanity. At any rate, this wide-awake newsboy knows that his trade trick is a good one, and he sees accordingly.

IT was little Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then, placing her hand on her curly hair, she said reflectively: "Auntie?" "Yes, dear." "Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails in curls papers?"

JUDGE (to police officer)—"Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?" Officer—"Is it dhrunk, your honor? Shure af he od shpoke through the tilliphone the brith av'im ud av made the poles shtaggher."

LADY (to sea captain)—"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?"

Captain—"By the compass. The needle always points to the north."

"But suppose you wish to go south?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Queen of England is one of the hardest worked officials in the realm. Apart from her private correspondence, there is hardly a government office that does not daily send her boxes of documents, warrants, etc., requiring her signature and attention. There is not a question of precedent, etiquette, or change of uniform in the army or detail of military and civil orders and decorations that does not come under her immediate supervision. The daily *Court Circular* is carefully edited, revised and corrected by her own hand, and the punctuality with which she returns documents submitted for her signature is said to be marvelous.

A very peculiar case recently came before the German courts. Two ladies of Wesel made a complaint before a magistrate that one of their neighbors was the owner of a rooster whose loud crowing disturbed their slumbers every night. The magistrate decided that the "noise was disorderly and fined the owner of the rooster because he did not prevent the animal from crowing at night." An appeal from this decision was taken to the higher court, but without success. Now, it appears, the owner of the objectionable bird has appealed to the highest tribunal in the country. He argues that his rooster only exercises its natural right when it crows.

The theatrical business in Pompeii, which has been at a standstill since the eruption of Vesuvius, in 88 A. D., appears to be looking up, judging from the following announcement of Signor Luigni: "After a lapse of more than 1800 years, the theatre of this city will be opened with 'Le Figlia del Reggimento.' I solicit a continuance of the favors bestowed my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management." Strangely enough Manager Luigni fails to add that the theatre has been "entirely redecorated since it was last opened to the public, and has been fitted throughout with new roomy and comfortable seats, etc.".

The German Emperor is said to be fond of variety, even in such small matters as his daily bread. Thus, for instance, he takes for breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is powdered over with salt, and which, accordingly, goes by the name of salt bun. Its cost is one penny. After it he consumes a half penny bun, known as the "Lucas-eye." For his sandwiches he requires yet another kind of bread, made of the finest Vienna flour and baked till the outside, which is afterwards cut off, is quite black. Price, one penny. At the dinner, with the soup, so-called "broth-sticks" are served. They are made after an Italian recipe, which is the secret of the Court bakers and their value is a half-penny a piece.

Two very pretty girls in this town recently attended service in a church where they were strangers. When the time came for taking up the collection they found to their dismay that they had but one cent between them. And there, coming their side of the aisle with the plate, was a lovely young man with whom they were slightly acquainted. They simply couldn't put that solitary cent in the plate, and to put in nothing was not to be thought of. Just then one of the girls discovered that she had a small envelope in her pocket. She pulled it out, dropped the coin in it, sealed it, and when the lovely young man came along she dropped the envelope in with an air that made the collector think it contained at the very least a $5 note.

Two respectable looking men having procured the keys of a church near London, the other day, broke open the alms boxes and extracted the contents. Not satisfied with this, they opened the safe in the vestry and stole three bottles of sacramental wine, drinking one bottle before they left the edifice. After smashing a clock they retraced their steps from the sacred building, but became so helplessly drunk that they were unable to proceed very far from the church. Their appearance constrained some one to act the part of the Good Samaritan, and give them shelter. A little more wine was then partaken of, and afterwards one of the men became so ill that it was deemed necessary to call in a physician. The next day the men proceeded to London, and it was then discovered that the sacramental wine and the alms boxes had been meddled with. The rascals were arrested.

About a year ago, a Baltimore exchange relates, some wag polished a nickel till it only resembled the coin of the realm in size and color. After it had dropped into the bottom of a horse car box the driver eyed it suspiciously, and evidently thinking the other side of the coin might be a quarter he gave the decisive pull and let it pass. From that time to this the company has been endeavoring to get that nickel back on the rascally public. But strange to say, every man who tears open the little envelope containing it and its companion piece always puts the smooth nickel back in the box. Of course no driver can now complain, because the coin always comes out of the company's package. During the first year of service it has taken about 2490 trips, and as it is getting thinner and smoother all the time, there is now little hope of its ever escaping street car service except through the charity of some kind deliverer, or through the final dissolution of the company's corporation.

Our Young Folks.

BLIND TOM.

BY M.

POOR Tom was only four years old when he lost his sight. He had no faults unless his habit of fighting every strange cat that came our way be counted as one.

But he was a noble fellow, and we were all sorry when he went blind.

At first he could not tell what had happened to him. He could not move a few feet without suddenly knocking himself against a table or a chair, and he would sit and mew till it grew painful to listen to him.

If he climbed up the garden wall, as he sometimes did, he had to be helped down, for he was unable to find a safe jumping-place. If his name were called out, he wandered aimlessly to and fro in search of the speaker.

Indeed, he seemed so plainly unhappy that it began seriously to be considered whether it would not be a mercy to kill him and end his misery.

All at once a change came over him. He appeared to have felt that his sight had gone for ever, and that his other senses would have to make up for its loss.

When he started to go down-stairs, instead of pawing the air helplessly, as he had hitherto done, he proceeded to the side, and, guided by the touch of his whiskers on the railings, went down safely at full speed.

Then he studied all the different paths, noted the position of all the doors, visited his old haunts, and in a short while became quite confident of his ability to go about with nearly the same freedom as before.

In fact, we thought that his sight had been restored, but that this was not the case was easily proved when he ran full tilt against an obstacle that had been placed in his way on purpose to test this very point.

What was curious was that he soon resumed his fighting habits, and his blindness seldom prevented him from coming off victor. He even carried war into the enemy's quarters, and always returned home in safety.

He had been a capital mouser, and though blind, he proved himself as keen a hunter as ever.

The gnawing of a rat was heard one night in a cupboard where some newspapers lay. Tom was to be left there to attack the foe.

While arranging the papers my hand was suddenly fiercely clutched by his teeth and claws.

The poor fellow had heard the rustling of the paper, and had seized what he supposed was a mouse. But he seemed to feel real shame at the mistake he had made.

However, there was no blunder later that night, for on opening the cupboard next morning he was sitting by the side of a big dead rat.

No matter how far he strayed from home, Tom always took the shortest cut back. It was a mystery to me how he managed it.

One day there was a heavy fall of snow that covered all familiar objects, filled the pathways, and deadened every sound and smell.

Carrying Tom to a considerable distance, and following a serpentine track of many turns to bewilder him, I then put him down on a snowheap, and watched his behavior.

He lost presence of mind for a minute or two, and commenced to mew somewhat pitifully.

Finding, however, that he would have to do the best he could for himself, he stopped crying, paused for a few moments, and then went in a straight line over the untrodden snow to the house. Of course the door was opened to him at once, and he was regaled with a bowl of milk.

It quickly became clear to me that, in our Tom's case at least, a blind cat leads much the same life as a cat that can see.

His adventures were in no way different from what they had been before, but his later career had grown more interesting, because it was curious to watch the various methods he adopted for getting out of difficulties.

You will, I am sure, deal very gently with all animals afflicted with blindness, or any other ailment that makes them helpless.

I have only to add that Tom was a real cat, though I have changed his name, and that this is a true account of his history after he had lost his sight.

A NEW KIND OF LASSO.

BY D. K.

"WHATEVER be thee a-dooing theer, Hammy?" asked Farmer Burton of his ten-year-old son, who was performing some extraordinary antics in the middle of the backyard with a noosed rope, which to the astonished eyes of his father, looked very much as if he were trying to hang a man twenty feet off.

"I be l'arning to throw a lasso, father," answered the boy, turning up a glowing face and eyes sparkling with excitement.

"And what is that?"

"Sort o' rope that the horse-catchin' folk in South Amerikay have—them what we've been reading about at school. They go a-riding out over the great plains till they happen on a lot o' wild horses, and then they throw them ropes over their heads, and haul 'em tight till they be nigh choked, and so they catch 'em, and tame 'em."

"Well, to be sure!" muttered the farmer, rubbing his chin wonderingly as all those new ideas slowly worked their way into his mind. "Why, I never knew afore as there was a real wild horse anywheer, though I've seen some o' 'em pretty wild-like the first time they were in harness. Howsomever, I'm tarnation sure there's no sitch things in England, anyhow; so thee'd better be l'arning some'at useful, Sammy, than playing at catching beasts that 'ud need a rope ten thousand mile long to reach 'em!"

The next day happened to be market day at the nearest town, and early in the morning Farmer Burton drove down there in his waggon, with Sam perched alongside of him, proud as a king upon his throne.

Market day was always a great festival for our friend Sam, who, never having seen any town except Westerham in his whole life, looked upon it as a city of the first magnitude, and always thought of London itself as a place of the same sort, and very much the same size.

The seventy or eighty people who filled its queer little market place seemed to him an innumerable multitude; and the peep-shows, jugglers, ballad-singers, dancing dogs, and what not, were quite as much a treat to him every time he saw them as if he had never seen anything of the kind before.

All went well that day, and the farmer, having finished his business, was just turning his horse's head to drive out of the town again, when suddenly he caught sight of a friend in the thick of the crowd whom he had not seen for some time; so down he jumped to speak to him, leaving little Sam to hold the reins while he did so.

Now this would have been all very well had Farmer Burton's steady old Dobbin been still between the shafts of the wagon.

But Dobbin's strength had lately given way, and for the last few weeks the farmer had been driving a younger horse—Jumper by name, and Jumper by nature too; for although he behaved well enough on the whole, yet every now and then he used to take what the farmer called "rampagious fits," in which nothing could hold him.

Now, whether it was that one of these fits seized him just then, or that he was scared by the screeching and capering of a showman's monkey, Jumper suddenly gave a bound that almost threw Sam off the wagon, and then tore away through the thickest of the crowd—wagon, Sam and all upsetting fruit-stalls and puppet-shows, running over stray dogs, scattering children and old women on every side, and throwing the whole market into confusion.

Sam, though rather startled, stuck to his post manfully, and tugged at the reins with all his strength; but he might as well have tried to stop a steamer at full speed.

Away flew the wagon, rocking and banging from side to side, like a ship in a storm, straight toward the deep rapid river that flowed past one side of the town.

Sam saw at once that at this break-neck pace they could never clear the narrow bridge, and that in another minute they must go crashing through one or other of the slight side-rails headlong down into the rushing waters below.

But just as all seemed lost, he remembered how the South American lasso-throwers used to stop a runaway horse; and, although he had no lasso, he thought of something quite as good.

Catching the huge horse-rug behind him, he held it tight by one corner, and whirled it so dexterously that the other end fell right over the face and eyes of the maddened beast, blindfolding him as completely as if he had his head in a bag.

This new game of blindman's-buff was quite too much for Master Jumper. He gave a plunge that almost upset the waggon, slackened his speed, and then made a dead halt within a yard of the bridge, just as Sam's father and two or three of his friends came clattering up on horseback.

And when Farmer Burton heard the story, he was fain to admit that there was after all some good in "they rope-throwin' tricks."

"COUNTING-OUT."

EVERY one, we imagine, is familiar to a greater or less extent with those rhymes used by children in many of their games, commonly designated "counting out" rhymes.

They are used to determine who is to take the first turn at being "it" in "Hide and Seek," "Blindman's Buff," and such-like games.

When we hear children repeating these seemingly absurd and meaningless rhymes at their play, it never fails to carry our memories back to the happy days when we, too, could glibly rattle off the same or equivalent verses of doggerel.

In a work recently published, the author has succeeded in gathering together a remarkable and interesting collection of children's rhymes relating to the subject of his volume.

Various examples are given of the different modes of "counting-out" in different countries.

The following method is, however, the one in most frequent and general use amongst all children.

A leader, generally self-appointed, having secured the attention of the boys and girls about to join in the proposed game, arranges them in a row, or in a circle around him, as fancy may dictate.

He (or she) then repeats a peculiar doggerel, sometimes with a rapidity which can only be acquired by great familiarity and a dexterous tongue, and pointing with the hand or forefinger to each child in succession, not forgetting himself (or herself), allots to each, one word of the mysterious formula:

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John,
Quever, quaver, English, knaver,
Minskolum, stenckalum, Jericho, buck.

Having completed the verse or sentence, the child on whom the last word falls is said to be "out," and steps aside.

In repeating the above doggerel, the accent falls on the first syllable of each polysyllable word. A very common ending is:

One, two, three,
Out goes she (or he):

and the last word is generally said with great emphasis or shouted.

After the child thus "counted-out" has withdrawn, the leader repeats the same doggerel with the same formalities; and, just as before, the boy or girl to whom the last word is allotted is "out," and stands aside.

The unmeaning doggerel is repeated again and again to a diminishing number of children, and the process of elimination is continued until only two of them remain.

The leader then "counts out" once more, and the one of them on which the magic word falls is declared to be "it," and must take the objectionable part in the game.

When the youngsters are in a hurry to commence their game they frequently simplify and shorten the proceeding by repeating something like this:

Red, white, blue,
All out but you!

and the child to whom the word "you" is apportioned is "it."

These rhymes, seemingly composed of senseless words strung together so as to form a musical or alliterative jingle, when subjected to close examination and analysis, are in many instances found to be corruptions of words and phrases which originally have had a distinct meaning and reference to definite subjects.

Both in the Old and New Worlds, as well as among savage and civilized peoples, the same custom obtains in an almost identical form to a greater or less extent.

Even in the lonely islands of the Pacific Ocean we find the same practice in operation; but in this instance it is not only the children who use the rhymes in their games, but the adults have somewhat similar formulas which they repeat when engaged in the heathen incantations connected with their idolatrous practices or drunken orgies. Here we have, in all probability, a clue to the origin of "counting-out" rhymes.

As is well known to students of both sacred and profane history, the custom of deciding disputes or making selections for numerous purposes by the "lot" was a prevailing custom among all nations. In Jewish history we find the "lot" very frequently resorted to when any difficulty arose.

Again, among heathen nations the "lot" was a favorite resource for determining the selection of a required victim for sacrifice, and also for finding out the guilty person from a number of suspected individuals.

It is more than likely that, in connection with heathen rites particularly, the priests were in possession of mysterious forms of words, which they used on such occasions; and in some instances the mode of selection may have been practically identical with the harmless method now universally adopted by the children for "counting out."

This, however, is a subject requiring more attention than we can at present bestow upon it.

The now meaningless and unintelligible expressions in children's rhymes may be the relics of superstitious formulas used by the heathen votaries of bygone days.

A great many of these rhymes are evidently of common origin, but, through course of time and change of scene, have got so changed and transmogrified as to be scarcely recognizable.

One of the most common and widespread examples among English-speaking peoples is that beginning, "Onery, twoery," of which the following is one of its most frequent forms:

Onery, twoery, dickery, davy,
Hallabone, crackabone, tenery, navy,
Dixum, dandum, merry come tine,
Humbledy, bumbledy, twenty-nine.
O-U-T, out!

Somewhere about one hundred different variations and versions of this rhyme alone are given.

Another very familiar form is that commencing "Keny, meeny," etc. This is a great favorite among American children, the commonest version being:

Keny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go,
Keny, meeny, miny, mo.

Nothing shows the world-wide prevalence of the fashion of these "counting-out" rhymes so much as the fact that we have examples in twenty different languages, numbering in all eight hundred and seventy-three different versions.

America, Japan, Italy, France, Syria, Germany, Turkey, Greece, and other foreign countries furnish specimens, and many other countries could doubtless add considerably to the list.

Of English rhymes alone, no fewer than four hundred and sixty-four examples are given, and the list is undoubtedly very far from complete.

CAR CONDUCTORS SWINDLED.—Two men, with more enterprise than honesty, are said to have swindled a number of St. Louis car conductors recently by a simple contrivance.

One would approach a crowded car from each side and appear as total strangers. Both would crowd into the centre of the rear platform, and the one farthest from the collector would give the other a half-dollar to hand to the conductor.

The latter, in the hurry and crowd, would take little notice of it, but guided by the impression conveyed by his fingers, would return the correct change.

A minute afterwards the other man would look up meekly and ask if that wasn't a half-dollar or dollar, always double the true amount that he had handed. The conductor could not say positively, and would appeal to the stranger who had acted as middleman.

Of course, he would agree with the demander, and another quarter or half dollar, as the case might be, would be handed him. A few blocks farther both "strangers" would alight and work the next conductor.

PAST AND FUTURE.

BY STUART HOGG.

Looking and longing for Life,
For the time to do and dare,
For my hour to join the strife
And to see the world so fair.

Looking and longing for Joy,
In the radiant days of youth,
When pleasure felt no alloy
And I doubted not honor or truth.

Looking and longing for Love,
For a heart to respond to mine,
Till I heard its echo above,
In the air which seemed divine.

Looking and longing for Death,
When life and love are no more,
When with feeble ling'ring breath
I sigh for the past gone before.

Yet I look and long still, far above,
Beyond earth's confusion and strife,
To where the great heart of Love
Shall solve the enigmas of Life.

STRANGE FOOD.

That what is one man's food is another man's poison is a trite saying, but it conveys volumes. One man eats fish, another flesh, a third fowl, and a fourth fruit, and all thrive, not in the same degree; still all thrive, exemplifying the vastness and inexhaustible variety of the food resources which man calls his own.

As far as is known no species of piru is absolutely uneatable, at any rate none is poisonous. Few four-footed animals are uneatable, not even rats and cats, and it is only among fishes and fruits that we find poisons.

Some fish, principally inhabitants of tropical seas, will, when eaten, destroy life, and that too at all times. Some other species are only poisonous at certain seasons of the year, and, still more extraordinary, individuals of a certain species are dangerous while others may be eaten with impunity.

It is quite impossible to give any explanation of these peculiarities. The health of the fish at the time of its capture, the food of which it has been partaking, or even some idiosyncrasy on the part of the eater may be a factor in the deplorable result.

When it comes to vegetable products, however, we can lay our finger on the chemical principle that endangers life or occasions death.

Amongst those terrible secrets of nature which we shall probably never clear up, are the purposes which were served in giving strychnine, nicotine, morphine, and atropine properties so deadly that a few grains will for ever still the beatings of the most vigorous human heart.

The strangest food a human being could eat is his brother man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once distressingly common, is now confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands and of Central Africa.

The lion is eaten by some African races; but its flesh is held in small esteem. The Zulus find carrion so much to their liking that they apply to food peopled by large colonies of larvæ an expressive word, signifying in their jargon 'great happiness.' The aboriginal Australians and Hottentots prefer the intestines of animals. The woodcock, and the red mullet or sea wood cock, are both eaten and relished without undergoing all the cleansing processes, which most animals used for food among us generally experience, to fit them for the table, so that our aversion to the entrails of animals is not absolute, but only one of degree.

The hippopotamus is a favorite dish with some Africans when they can get this unwieldly and formidable river monster, and when young its flesh is good and palatable, but with advancing years it becomes coarse and unpleasant.

The Abyssinians find the rhinoceros to their taste; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra. Elephant's tongue and trunk are good, and after long simmering much resemble the hump of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox, but all the other meat is tough, and from its peculiar flavor only to be eaten by a hungry man.

Among Greenlanders and Eskimo the seal is the chief article of food. The porpoise was once a common dish, and the liver of this beautiful animal is, when fried, still relished by sailors. Another huge sea animal, the walrus, was found to be very palatable by Arctic explorers, and it largely consumed by the Eskimo. The Japanese, New Zealanders, and Westerd Australians find the whale good eating, and the Eskimo, those enthusiastic consumers of anything and everything oily and nasty, highly approve, as is well known, of blubber. The narwhal, or sea unicorn, is one of the Greenlander's dainties, while the Siberians and the Eskimo live in part on the flesh of the reindeer.

But the foregoing do not exhaust the strange foods of the world. Dogs, cats, horses, lizards, bears, hedgehogs, frogs, otters, skunk, rats, mice, wolves, camels, and indeed almost every creature that runs or flies, are, in some part of the globe, in nearly as much favor as venison, turkey, and sucking pig among us. Surely, however, culinary eccentricity can no further go than in the preparation of that famous German dish, sauerkraut. In passing let us point out that, with the exception of the final stewing, the preparation of sauerkraut is closely like that of ensilage, the form in which green food is economically prepared and preserved for the winter consumption of cattle.

We don't eat toads, but negroes do and find them palatable. Sharks and crocodiles are good eating, and in the north of Scotland the small smooth shark is often eaten and is esteemed a dainty, while the opulent Chinese greatly enjoy the fins of another species of the same formidable fish.

Bees, grubs, white ants, grasshoppers, locusts, spiders, caterpillars, and even the chrysalis of the silkworm, are all eaten; and in the south of Europe the vineyard snail is in request. If rumor does not err, cockchafers delicately preserved in sugar are regarded as delicious sweetmeats in at least one highly civilized European country.

By the way, the reader may be interested to hear how destructive the siege of Paris was to animal life. When every kind of comestible was at famine prices, and when nothing except man that had life was permitted to escape, the Parisians swept the streets and the zoological gardens clean. Twelve hundred dogs disappeared during the siege in a manner unwonted in Paris; 8,000 cats also went the same way. Two bears vanished in the same fashion, and their flesh was compared to pork; 65 000 horses, furnished a large supply of wholesome food in the terrible winter of 1870-1. Three elephants followed or preceded, and were much commended, and with them went 1 000 asses and 2 000 mules. The last were said to be delicious, and far more delicate than beef; but let us remind the reader that those famous Bologna sausages which every one has heard so much about are in part made of the flesh of the ass.

Grains of Gold.

The better day the better deed.

The table robs more than the thief.

Homely people make the best friends.

That is well spoken that is well taken.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

The truest jests sound worst in guilty ears.

Most great works are accomplished slowly.

Words are men's daughter's, but God's sons are things.

We are never as happy or unhappy as we think that we are.

A departure from truth is hardly ever known to be a single one.

Virtues need a double breastplate when they battle with Hunger.

Our vices are like our nails—even as we cut them they grow again.

The feeling of distrust is always the last which a great mind acquires.

Procrastination is the kidnapper of souls and the recruiting officer of hell.

We must not waste life in devising means. It is better to plan less and do more.

Sure as night follows day, death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world.

To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.

If men will have no care for the future they will soon have sorrow for the past.

When you see some children you at once begin to doubt the good sense of their parents.

It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

Femininities.

Good words cost nothing but are worth very much.

Brooklyn has a woman blacksmith and a female undertaker.

It is the way of the world unto this day to be merciless to mistakes.

Silver ball earrings are pushing their brethren in gold for favoritism.

A favorite style of hairpin top is a hoop of gold set with rubies or sapphires.

Some one tells us that "corn is an emblem of peace." How is it if one steps on it.

A little shining chaff deludes feminine nature better than any dull handful of solid grain.

Eve was probably the only woman who could justly claim that she had "nothing to wear."

If a girl is born in October she will be pretty and coquettish and devoted to attractive garniture.

From a confidence to an indiscretion there is only the distance between the ear and the tongue.

An odd fancy in scarf-pins is a green gold diminutive turtle with a row of small diamonds across its back.

It is not often that a woman has her head completely turned, but passing by another woman's new bonnet gives the head a good twist.

Queen Isabella of Spain, is said to be an accomplished musician. Not only is she a good pianist and a clever violinist, but she composes as well.

Policeman: "Do you have to take care of the dog?" Nurse girl: "No; the missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

When you buy a new broom, select a dozen of the smoothest and largest splints, pull them out, and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is baked.

A recent caller at the White House, a relation of Mrs. Harrison, caught that lady with a towel wrapped about her head and a large kitchen apron pinned to her waist.

To set the color in black or dark hosiery, calicoes, cambrics, etc., put a large tablespoonful of black pepper into a pail of water, and let the articles lie in soak for a couple of hours.

At a recent social gathering in London the young Princesses Louise and Maud, of Wales, made themselves odious to catholic eyes by wearing pink frocks with yellowish lawn coats.

A young lady of Southport puts the most deliberate method of suicide on record. She walked into the water and sat down. After a while she lay down, and the tide rose and carried her off.

Chewing gum puzzles the French newspapers. They announce that the most elegant American ladies, married and unmarried, have developed a singular passion for chewing India rubber.

A salve that is good for all kinds of wounds, etc., is made of equal parts of yellow wax and sweet oil. Melt slowly, carefully stirring. When cooling, stir in a small quantity of glycerine.

"What you want, Alice," said the good deacon, with due solemnity, "is a change of heart." "I think, deacon," replied Alice with just the semblance of a blush, "that it is an exchange of hearts."

An Ohio peddler having fallen ill, his 17-year-old daughter mounted the cart and drove about the country for three weeks. Her sales exceeded any that her father ever made in the same length of time.

We are told in a poem that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This is, no doubt, a pretty sentiment; but the author ought to know that about 9 women out of 10 rock the cradle with their feet.

We shall soon come to the female adornment of a bangle through the nose. That mysterious appendage has been put in almost every other position. A fashionable London woman recently appeared with a silver bangle "twined round her whole bust."

Good servants are found in those homes where there is a happy mixture of freedom and discipline, work and play, kindness and authority, where they are treated as of the same flesh and blood as their employers, and not as animated machines for doing a certain amount of work.

She agreed with him. "Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well anyhow, "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."

Who saves up for a month for a personal treat and then shares it with the whole family? Woman. Who turns deadly ill at the sight of blood, yet stands recklessly in its rain in time of war or accident? Woman. Who eats scraps for lunch that noble (?) man have tid-bits for dinner? Woman. She is a heroine in danger, a coward when looking under the bed.

A French woman invented one of the most original methods of dealing with a refractory child ever revealed to the public. She fastened on the hat of her 5-year-old daughter, who had been naughty, a placard inscribed with the words "Mademoiselle is a thief and a liar," and walked her through the streets. It took a policeman to rescue the lady from the mobbing of an indignant crowd.

Would a well-bred girl, possessed of the slightest sensibility or sense, divulge the fact that she had been proposed to by a man, and that she had refused him. I have asked this question of several girls, and also of several married women, and, while their answers were varying, I am confident, from what I know of their characters, that the well-bred girl of honor and sensibility would never, upon the weightiest pretext, disclose what had passed between herself and a man upon so delicate a subject. The unsuccessful suitor is a man who receives very little sympathy, and usually there is none more deserving of it than he.

Masculinities.

The time to test friendship is in time of personal disgrace.

To spoil a wife, snub her in company. To spoil a husband, henpeck him.

Bass calls his wife Phonograph because she tells everything that is told her.

Every man believes he could be elected President if the women were allowed to vote.

To know how to be silent is more difficult and more profitable than to know how to speak.

There is a silver lining to every cloud. The man who can't get credit is never worried by duns.

A good many people know the value of a dollar who do not realize the value of a hundred cents.

A true prophet never tells what he feels in his bones is going to happen until after the event has happened.

Don't pin the ends of your scarf to your shirt bosom. Use a regular retainer. It is cheap and convenient.

Don't believe that nature ever intended the short-necked man to wear extreme heights in standing collars.

It is a terrible moment in young lives when the closeness of love's bond has turned to the power of galling.

Women detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but it angers them when a man they do love is not jealous.

He is a wise boarder who speaks flatteringly of the boarding mistress in private. It is sure to come to her ears.

The men who give the most good advice are usually those who have the most need for that which they give away.

Among scarf pin novelties a variegated gold acorn resting on a background formed by two leaves is one of the most recent.

A novel departure in link cuff buttons consists of two obelisks in enamel, with hieroglyphics represented by small rubies.

Among the latest productions in silver match-safes is one of imitation strips of timber, on a base beside which stands a bear erect.

"Mamma, is Mr. Spoony a tailor?" "Why, no, Georgie; why do you ask?" "Well, I saw him measuring sister's waist with his arm last night."

Stingy husband: "Here's an item that says there's $50,000,000 in coin at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean," Suited wife: "It isn't any harder to get at than your money."

The honeymoon is that part of married life when the bride spends her time in trying to find out what her husband likes to eat, and he spends his time in trying to eat it after she has cooked it.

A London medical man says: "Be careful in your dealings with horseradish. It irritates the stomach far more than spice, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

Georgia has passed an anti cigarette law. Lawyers say it cannot be enforced, because its provisions are clearly unconstitutional. Somehow cigarettes do not agree with the constitution anywhere.

Canvasser: "I have here a work——" Master of the house: "I can't read." "But your children——" "I have no children (triumphantly). Nothing but a cat." "Well, you want something to throw at the cat." He took it.

"I say, Mr. Gogglescope, what do you come to our house so often for?" Gogglescope, patronisingly: "Now, Tommy, you must ask your sister Clara that. When she comes in, just ask her." "Well, I did, and she said she'd be blest if she knew."

His usual capacity. Popinjoy: "I understand that Bigsby, although not a member, was present at your club banquet the other night?" Bloodgood: "Yes, that's a fact." "In what capacity, if I may ask?" "Oh, his usual capacity—about nine quarts."

Few persons, if any, now living, will again date a document without using a "9." It now stands on the extreme right—1889. Next year it will take second place—1890, where it will remain ten years. It will then move into third place—1900, and there will rest a century.

A useless expense. Cheerful friend: "Well, you're all ready to start—baggage checked, insurance tickets bought, and all that. If you're killed, old boy, you'll get $5,000 you know." Traveler, gloomily: "Stuff and nonsense! No such luck for me. I'll go through all right."

When Lucy Whittaker, colored, of Vicksburg, died lately, she said she would haunt Frank Jones, a recreant lover of hers, all his life. He has appealed to the courts for an injunction to restrain her from going into the haunting business, but the Judge is inclined to regard the case as beyond his jurisdiction.

Sobbing young wife, carrying on her share of the first quarrel: "I think you are just the—the m—m—meanest man in the world." Young husband, with a wider knowledge of mankind: "That's all you know about it, Winifred. I could be a blamed sight meaner than I am without breaking the record."

The renewal of college labor. Professor of Geology: "Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term I asked you to report to me, individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Jones, you may begin." Jones, '91: "Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes and a tailor-made suit."

A very sad occasion. Mr. Brains: "Whew, but I'm tired out!" Mrs. Brains: "What is the matter?" "The second bookkeeper asked me for a half-day off to attend his aunt's funeral; and, like a smart Aleck, I said I would go with him." "Was it a very good game? What was the score?" "That's just where I got fooled myself. He really was going to his aunt's funeral."

Recent Book Issues.

"Cliquot," a crisp, spicy, love and racing romance is just published by T. S. Peterson & Brothers, this city. Price 25 cents.

A volume as useful and entertaining as it is handsomely gotten up is "Living Leaders of the World." It comprises most interesting and valuable biographies of the men and women of greatest influence to-day in all countries, professions and ranks of life. This includes kings, queens, diplomats, statesmen, inventors, authors, millionaires, scientists, preachers, etc. All of these biographies to the extent of nearly one hundred have been prepared by leading writers and authorities such as Gen. Lew Wallace, James Parton, the late Hon. S. S. Cox, Joel Chandler Harris and others. Every sketch contains, besides portraits—many of them in steel—from one to five elegant illustrations—sometimes in colors—bearing on the life and achievements of the subject. Altogether the book is a perfect treasury of information and beauty, its mechanical finish and taste vieing with the interest of its contents. In one large octavo volume, printed on stiff paper, and bound in green and gold. Published by Hubbard Bros., Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Gounod's Views on Art and Artists," being notes of conversations taken by Mme. de Bovet, opens the October *Eclectic Magazine*. Canon Farrer, under the nom de plume "Nether World," studies low life in London. R. S. Courtney contributes a very interesting sketch of Roger Bacon, and a practical article by Dr. Behrend is "The Diseases Caught from Butcher's Meat." Principal Donaldson writes about the "Position of Women Among the Early Christians." Several other important papers, fiction, poems, etc., will be found in this number, forming the cream of current foreign literature. $5 a year. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

The New England Magazine for October is largely an educational number. Albert P. Marble, the retiring President of the National Educational Association, contributes an article on the history prospects of the Association; W. A. Mowry writes on Dr. Harris and the Bureau of Education; A. E. Winship has a brief article on History, and there is a long and fully illustrated article on the Educational Institutions of Nashville. Nashville receives further notice in a general article on the history and new life of the city, by Hon. A. S. Colyar. This article is also richly illustrated. There is a finely illustrated article, "Dr. Holmes at Four-score," by George Willis Cooke, and an article on "Dr. Holmes' Pilgrim Poems." Prof. Hosmer's story, "The Haunted Bell," is continued, and there are two short stories. Among the other papers are "Terry at Home Travel," by E. E. Hale; a brief article on John Boyle O'Reilly, with portrait, and a long and thorough one on Parnell, by Wm. O'Brien, of London, with portrait. The number is attractive and inviting. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

On Enjoyment.—With different minds and feelings, enjoyment differs. The just man delights in doing what is right and according to reason and his convictions. A kind man feels a pride and enjoyment in speaking and acting to make others cheerful and happy. He has no rancor in his heart, no disquietude in his mind which would lead him to be harsh in thought or expression. He does good for goodness sake, for the pleasure it gives him. The wise man is cautious and prudent. His passions are never urged by personal gains but what are ennobling and elevating. To him knowledge is virtue, knowledge is happiness, knowledge is power.

To be just and kind and wise;
There solid enjoyment lies.

But what satisfaction must it be to him who has happily mingled in his nature the soul's calm sunshine, the heartfelt joy where goodness is joined to greatness, and the one is in continuous action and fellowship with the other.

The great Edmund Burke possessed the manly and generous qualities for humanity in a remarkable degree. He always had a tear for pity and a hand open as day to melting charity. His nature is well illustrated by the occasion in a street of Loughlin, in Ireland, where he found a group of ragged urchins intent on seeing a show. Some friends came up and proposed to share the cost.

"No, no," he said, "this pleasure must be all my own, for I shall probably never again have the opportunity of making so many beings happy at so little cost."

He wrote to his son Richard: "Always preserve a habit of giving, but still with discretion, however little, as a habit not to be lost." L. G. W.

"You are letting your beard grow again?" "Yes, old fellow. You see, my wife can't endure a full beard for me because it is so downright unbecoming. Her birthday is in six weeks, and nothing will please her so much for a present as to have me have my beard shaved off, and that costs me only 15 cents—the cheapest way I can get out of it, you see. I do it every year."

More is accomplished by doing each day's work faithfully than by crowding two day's work into one.

A Sore Throat is soon relieved by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary disorders.

Healthy Appetites.—In a Maine company recently the conversation turned to gastronomical feats and achievements in the art of stuffing.

When the young lady who had eaten six bananas at one sitting, and the young man who had boasted of having topped off a dinner with a whole mince pie, had told their stories, a demure maiden modestly related an incident in the history of her family that completely discouraged all her rivals.

"One Fourth of July," said she, "my mother and a friend wished to make an excursion up river, and as they proposed to start very early in the morning and be gone all day, my mother prepared a large basket of food for them the night before. In the bottom of the basket she placed a thick stratum of delectable articles to represent supper; on this she placed another layer for their dinner; and at the top of the basket, where it would be first accessible, she put a hearty breakfast. Being well acquainted with the capacity of the boys, she made an unusually large allowance for each of the three meals.

"Well, the boys set out for their excursion at 4 o'clock in the morning. Their boat had gone far up the river when the rain began to come down. They went ashore to wait awhile and ate their breakfast. The rain was still falling when they had finished this share of their supplies, and so they immediately ate the next layer—their dinner. Still they were hungry and still it was raining. They had nothing else to do but to devour the remaining contents of the basket, and so they ate their supper.

"It was then evident that the weather wouldn't clear, so they jumped in their boat and came back home—and took breakfast with the rest of us!"

An Old Kissing Game.—"I found a custom up at Shepherdstown, West Virginia, where I spent my vacation," said a gentleman yesterday, "which was a novelty. The people have what they call 'soups.' A 'soup' is a sort of out-door picnic. Each person invited brings a dressed chicken. The host provides the vegetables. The chickens and vegetables are put into huge kettles, holding ten or twenty gallons, and cooked over open fires for several hours until the combination is reduced almost to a jelly. Pepper and other seasoning are introduced. The young folks stir the soup with long-handled iron spoons, walking around the kettle as they stir. When a girl's spoon clicks against the spoon of a young man he is bound to catch and kiss her. As you can imagine, there are a good many lively scrimmages around the kettle. When the soup is done it is ladeled out into plates and eaten and is delicious. The custom is an old one, and I was unable to find its origin. A company of Stonewall Jackson's command was recruited around Shepherdstown and it still keeps up the organization. It has a reunion every year and celebrates the occasion with a grand 'soup.' A 'soup' of that company to be properly gotten up should be made of stolen chickens, but the veterans have had to give up foraging since the war, and now make a compromise with necessity by going around in squads and robbing each other's hen roosts by a prearranged understanding."

A Scrap of Paper.—"I am physician," writes a correspondent of a New York paper, "and not many days ago I was called to see a young lady in West Nineteenth street whose malady seemed rather of the mind than of the body. I saw at a glance that here was a hopeless case and my prognosis was verified a few days afterwards. By a strange accident I got hold of a scrap of paper which lay on the table at her side. In a delicate feminine hand was written:

"'The doctor says I am very, very sick, but Oh, God, dear God, I cannot believe I will be taken out of the world with never a chance to set myself right as much as in your eyes. If I should—'

"Does not this tell its own tale? Some poor heart wronged, crushed, dying in its exile, pleading for life—not for its gaity, its happiness, its pleasures, but only that it might be justified in the eyes of men. The world is full of injustice, outrage and wrong, and these little episodes, common to every physician's experiences, daily uncover a little corner in some dark tragedy of which death is the epilogue. I cannot understand why the bad should prey upon the good; God alone knows."

Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say "No." They can think "No"—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to think "Yes"—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. These bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He is only a gentleman who treats his fellowmen in a manly straightforward way.

Man of Family—"That burglar alarm is a grand success; wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at 1 o'clock this morning." Dealer—"Eh? Did you catch a burglar trying to get in?" "No, but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."

It requires but a trial to convince everyone that Salvation Oil will cure all pain. 25 cts.

Keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at home. Thousands take it. Price 25 cents a bottle.

LATEST AND GRANDEST PREMIUM!

MOST COSTLY PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

THE PRESENT OWNER PAID OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE FAMOUS PAINTING ENTITLED "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

The intense interest shown by all classes in this great painting induced publishers to spend thousands of dollars to secure an accurate copy, IN THE ORIGINAL COLORS, of this Wonderful Work of Art. The best artists and engravers in this country were engaged to make a faithful Oleograph copy of this magnificent painting, and the highly artistic and very beautiful picture which they have produced is highly praised by all who see it.

We are now prepared to send, postpaid, a copy of

THIS GRAND PICTURE FREE TO

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS $2 00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," OR TO ANY ONE NOW ON OUR LIST WHO REMITS US $2 00 FOR THE EXTENSION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR.

Millions of people, in this country and Europe, have travelled many miles and paid an admission fee to get a view of the remarkable painting, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," and it has been the topic of conversation in hundreds of thousands of homes for many months. It is pronounced by critics to be the most notable picture ever brought to America, a masterpiece, truly grand and wonderful as a work of art beyond the power of language to describe, and worth a thousand sermons as a moral lesson. All the Colors in the Original Painting are faithfully reproduced in our picture. Months of patient, earnest labor were required to engrave the stones and produce such a picture as we furnish, yet the artists were instructed to be faithful and give the finest possible result, regardless of expense, and they knew full well a common-place picture would not be accepted, therefore the artists have made a picture that is accurate and faithful in every detail, and have furnished an oleograph picture equal in Size and Artistic Merit to pictures sold in stores for $10 00 each.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PAINTING.—The scene chosen for the painting is the "Judgment Hall" in the palace of Pilate, and the hour "early in the morning." Around the Governor the priests are gathered, and the high-priest, Caiaphas, is accusing Christ and demanding his death. The proud and furious bigot is all alive with excitement. There is a majesty about his pose, the consciousness of power in his look and gesture, and something of dignity in the superb audacity with which he draws Pilate's attention to the execrations of the mob (who are crying out "Crucify him!"), as expressive of the national will which the Governor is bound to respect, at the same time insinuating that to let this man go will be treason to Cæsar, as well as a violation of the Jewish law which demands the prisoner's death for "making himself the Son of God." Pilate is yielding to the clamor, while his conscience, aided by his wife's message, warning him not to condemn that righteous man, is protesting in tones which make him tremble. The central figure, and the most impressive of all, is Christ himself, clad in white, with flowing hair and bound wrists. He stands alone in the simple majesty of his own personality, without sign or symbol, save his individual greatness. A heavenly submission is on his face. Never before in any painting of the Messiah has anything of his personality in pose or figure been seen. The face has been that of Jesus, the form that of other men; but here the figure is of Christ himself. Other leading figures are represented by the proud and confident Pharisee, the haughty and contemptuous Scribe, the Roman soldier, of splendid physique; and the ruffian leaders of the mob, as they join in the cruel cry, "Crucify him!" To one side is one of the daughters of Jerusalem, holding up her child to see him whose blessing has forever consecrated childhood. In the outer court the multitude is waiting for Pilate's decision.

A FEW UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS FROM PERSONS WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE PICTURE:

Elba, N. Y., April 20, 1889.
I have just received my picture, "Christ Before Pilate." Please accept my thanks for such a splendid copy of the original picture, which I paid to get a view of at the International Fair at Buffalo, last fall. It is far beyond my expectations. I have another copy published by another firm, but it is not a comparison with yours. I would not take $10.00 for it if I could not get another. M. F. Fond.

Twenty Mile Stand, O., Mar. 22, '89.
The picture, "Christ Before Pilate," came yesterday and I am delighted with it. I saw the original painting in Cincinnati last fall and think it a true copy. Mrs L. E. Scott.

Muskegon, Mich., July 10, 1889.
I received your picture, "Christ Before Pilate," and thank you a thousand times for having sent me such a beautiful picture. Would not part with it for $20 00 if I did not know where I could obtain another. I shall give it the best place in our parlor.
Chas A. Lindstrem.

Washington, D. C., Mar. 30, 1889.
I saw the painting, "Christ Before Pilate," in St. Paul, and can testify that the picture sent me is a perfect fac simile in every particular, especially in the coloring. I consider it an art treasure, and in view of the great value of the original, it certainly is.
Mary A. Denison.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION or will refund the money to any one who is in the least dissatisfied, if the picture is returned in good order.

Remember, that only $2 00 secures a Ten Dollar Picture and also The Saturday Evening Post one year.

Address all orders to

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

THE REASON WHY.

He stood on his head by the wild seashore,
And danced on his hands a jig;
In all his emotions, as never before,
A wildly hilarious grig.

And why? In that ship just crossing the bay
His mother-in-law has sailed
For a tropical country far away,
Where tigers and fevers prevailed.

Oh! now he might hope for a peaceful life,
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgic wife,
And up to his collar in debt.

He had borne the old lady through thick and thin,
And she lectured him out of breath;
And now, as he looked at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death.

He watched as the good ship cut the sea,
And bumpishly up and downed,
And thought if already she qualmish might be,
He'd consider his happiness crowned.

He watched till beneath the horizon's edge
The ship was passing from view;
And he sprang to the top of a rocky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.

He watched till the vessel became a speck
That was lost in the wandering sea,
And then, at the risk of breaking his neck,
Turned somersaults home to tea.

—O. N. Nonn.

All the year round—This globe of ours.

Young poet: "Now, to tell the truth, I don't think this poem of mine can be improved on." Friend: "Is it as bad as that?"

"Well, doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."

Watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that was 3000 years old. There was no doubt about their being watermelon seeds, because the mummy was all doubled up.

Small son: "Pa, what is a bachelor?" Henpecked parent: "A bachelor is a man who has resisted all endeavors on the part of woman to render his life miserable through marriage."

Badger, mad and excited: "Say, your dog ate up seven of my hens last night. What are you going to do about it?" McGall: "Well, if it don't make the dog sick I won't do anything about it."

Genial host: "Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quite enough to dhrink. Take me advoice. When ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only one."

Brown: "Those were miserably small potatoes you sent up. You told me that many of them would weigh a pound." Jinks: "Yes; but I didn't say how many it would require to weigh a pound."

Mrs. Sadface, to Tommy, who had stolen a jar of preserves: "My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face." Tommy, meditatively: "Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach."

Guest: "Here, waiter, this coffee tastes of soap." Waiter, reassuringly: "Oh, there's no soap in the coffee, sir; must have been some sticking in the cup. We's mighty particular to get the dishes clean in this hotel, sir."

First boy: "Was any of your folks hurt in the war?" Second boy: "Yes. My uncle was knocked down by an explosion of an ammunition wagon." F. B.: "That's nothing! My father was shot twice in his horse!"

Traveler, from Kentucky: "Madam, can I get a drink here?" Lady of the house: "Certainly, there's the well." Traveler, with a courtly gesture: "Madam, you misunderstand me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink."

The last issue of "The Medical Review" promises a future article on "What to Do when Stung by a Hornet." We don't believe any one will wait with bated breath for that article. We have all been there. The thing to do is to jump two feet high and yell for the police.

"How much do you gin'rally git for a job like this?" asked a rural bridegroom of the minister who married him. "The law allows me a dollar." "Well, great Scott, man, here's your dollar. I don't wanter to go to law 'bout it! Reckon I'll have trouble enough now, anyhow!"

Sobbing young wife, carrying on her share of the first quarrel: "I think you are just the—the m—m—meanest man in the world." Young husband, with a wider knowledge of mankind: "That's all you know about it, Winifred. I could be a heaven sight meaner than I am without breaking the record."

Mrs. Briske: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?" Little Johnny, stopping his play: "Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a serious case, and left this prescription and said he would call again before night." Mrs. Briske: "Gracious me! it wasn't you I sent for him to see; it was the baby."

Yellowly: "We were speaking of White the other day, and I said I thought him to be a very intelligent man." Brownly: "You spoke in fun, of course." "Certainly not; I was in dead earnest." "Why, man, he's as dumb as an oyster in company. You never hear him talk. Where does he show his intelligence?" "He shows it by keeping his mouth shut."

Visitor: "The boys do be tellin' me that Dinnis is sick abed. Is he any better, I dunnot?" Lady of house: "I can't say just yit. You see he thried to froighten me by hidin' under my bed pretendin' to be a burglar, an' he's lyin' upstairs wid a broken leg an' two doctors sarvin' to take four bullets out o' his body. But how was I to know him in the dar-rk?"

IN BLACK AND WHITE.—It is always difficult to make people appreciate the fact, which is certainly a fact, that things said in the black and white forcefulness and permanence of a letter are far more effective than they would have been if they had been spoken. The writer meant them just as he would have meant them had he said them, and he does not in the least reflect that by the loss of accent, look, and gesture, the thing he writes may be widely different from the thing he would have said.

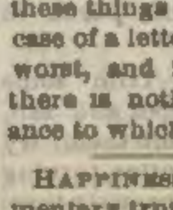
There have been countless quarrels engendered by things written in all innocense, and which would have had no such effect had they been delivered by the living voice.

People vent their petulance in word, and easily correct the impression by following it with a smile of apology, a glance that softens, or a word which modifies. All these things are, of course, wanting in the case of a letter. The words tell for their worst, and in the absence of the writer there is nothing to moderate the annoyance to which they give rise.

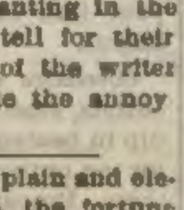
HAPPINESS.—It is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us, and more or less of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. The chess board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong show a delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated, without haste, but without remorse.

One person in each locality can earn a good sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required, we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $300 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 500, PORTLAND, MAINE.

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 2, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

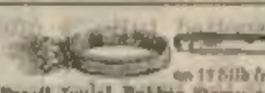
JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 206 Chestnut Street.

Prepared and for sale, wholesale and retail, and aped left by personally by

Tom DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

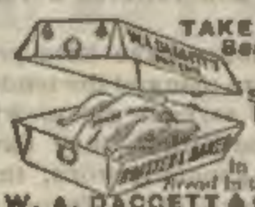
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.



WITH NAME on 12 Silk fringe cards, 1 Nickel plated Pen and Pencil Initial Rubber Stamp and this Rolled Gold ring 25 cts. 10 Sets 10 names, $1.00. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We pay the largest wages of any house in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.



TAKE AN AGENCY for the Best Utensil in the universe. DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING ROASTING PAN Needed in every family. SAVES 20 Per Cent. in Roasting, and Bakes the Best Bread in the world. Address for terms W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. or Western Office, 184 E. Indiana St., Chicago.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of RIBBON BADGES for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

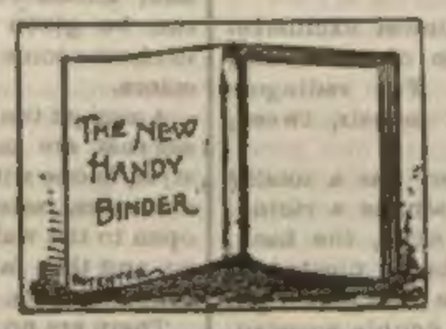
THOMAS M. LOCKE,

DEALER IN

CARPETINGS.

939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

"The Handy Binder."



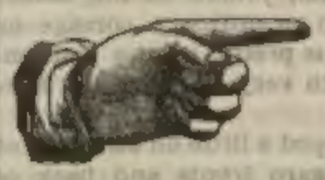
Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and useful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2 00.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For TEN Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Autumn styles, of dark woollen dresses, will carry well on to the winter. With these some are wearing the stiff linen shirt, white or colored, the shirt being worn beneath a short, open, loose-fronted jacket or casaque of the same material as the skirt.

The shirts are those which ladies have been wearing for lawn tennis and riding throughout the summer.

French ladies, however, always wear a broad belt with the shirt, specially a belt of crocodile leather, with three straps and buckles. At the neck is an ordinary man's cravat.

Dresses of navy-blue foulard with white spots are taking a new lease of life for the autumn. They exist in almost too great a number.

One model is trimmed with white embroidery. The full skirt is cut with three rows of white insertion.

The corsage is something of a Norfolk jacket in shape, gauged at neck and waist, and fastened with straps of foulard secured by a nursery pin in gold. At the neck is a large Anne of Austria collar in white embroidery.

Those collars, with or without cuffs to match, are in great favor with young ladies, to brighten on sunny days the darkness of their autumnal dresses. They are exceedingly pretty also for indoor wear on woollen, silken, or velveteen dresses.

Travelling dresses are almost exclusively occupying the attention of couturieres at the present moment. The redingote reigns supreme, made of mohair, tweed, clothe of all kinds.

A favorite style, however, has a totally plain skirt, almost as plain as a riding-habit in front and at the sides, the back, without cushion or steel, being pleated in two large box-pleats. The corsage is tight and plain, the fronts double-breasted, crossed or buttoning down the centre.

This dress is worn with or without a triple pelerine of the same cloth. The dress is severe, but it is ladylike, and the dress of all others for travelling. The skirt is short enough to need no holding up, and beyond this it is as durable and impervious as a waterproof.

The extreme plainness of skirts is a sort of uneasiness to those who cannot boast of the necessary slimness, and these preserve a certain amount of drapery, a little steel at the back or a small cushion.

But the preferred style is a straight Empire skirt without a vestige of drapery, made of plain, striped or chequered cloth, or rough woollen, simply hemmed, lined at the edge with stiff muslin, the hem stitched fifteen or seventeen times with the machine.

With this a corsage almost like that of a riding-habit, with artillery basque at the back, fastening with a double row of buttons in front. The collar is straight, the sleeve tight.

By way of pardessus over this is worn a pelerine of cloth to match, or a tailor-made jacket, or better still, the charming Saint-Denisienne Cape.

This is of cloth embroidered all over with braid. The ends cross in front, and hook at the back at the waist, beneath the long Empire sash of faille ribbon, which falls in two long flat ends.

Braiding is in immense request. Dresses, mantles, jackets, are covered with braiding in various beautiful designs, executed with braid of every size, style and color.

Braided jackets are the rage, and made entirely of cloth, or cloth with faille sleeves. A noticeable point in them is the full sleeve, which is often of faille, the rest of the jacket cloth.

The Lesdiguieres jacket, is in colored cloth, open in front, and embroidered with lines and zig-zags of black braid. The sleeves are of faille, matching the color of the cloth, frilled at the shoulder, and into the velvet parement. The revers collar is also of velvet. This sleeve is worthy of remark, as it is the feature of autumn jackets adopted by Parisiennes.

The vetement fastens merely at the neck, the fronts below flowing loose and open, leaving the front of the dress exposed.

The long lace mantle is being much worn over light dresses, the lace mantle, with long Chinese sleeves, because it looks more autumnal than the dress alone, and yet is in nowise hot and heavy to wear when the sun shines brightly. It is underlined or lined with black lace. The colored lining, unless very dark indeed, is justly considered vulgar now for outdoor wear, though permissible in a sortie-de-bal. Point d'esprit spotted tulle is often used instead of lace.

A novel garniture is the band of guipure worn on silk or woollen dresses. It trims the fronts and encircles the neck, the lace being made to fit the figure. It really is a kind of guipure passementerie more than the real guipure, and is made in all colors. The pattern is in high relief, rich floral patterns being the most general. It is very handsome, and relieves a very plain dress.

Very few green toilettes have been prepared; charming as are many of the tender shades of eau de Nil, serpent green, willow, young shoots and others, they have been so much and so generally worn, that many ladies have declared in favor of newer shades, such as corn-flower blue, Saxony blue, flax blue, Eiffel red, stone color and wall gray.

These and other delicate and indescribable shades are becoming popular, and two mixtures—green and blue, and black and yellow, are exceedingly fashionable.

A charming toilette in black and yellow consists of a black lace dress trimmed with gold-colored faille ribbon, accompanied by a fine black straw hat, lined with gold-colored tulle and trimmed with yellow sea thistles and black ribbon.

The shades of blue and green are generally united in one fabric, although this is not always the case. No colors are more difficult to combine together than these, and, unless consummate taste and skill can be given to the task, it is wiser to choose some less hazardous mixture of colors.

Amongst the walking or travelling dresses that are most novel and ladylike in style, is one with a redingote of light beige cashmere, fastened at the throat, slightly open to the waist, where it is again fastened, and then falling apart in very slightly draped panels.

There are no breast pleats in the redingote, and the fastening at the waist is a little to one side, the left side crossing over to the right under the loosely folded ribbon band, which is also fastened on the right with loops and ends. The full plastron and skirt showing between the open fronts are corn-flower blue surah, chequered with lines of gold color.

Before passing on to other toilettes, a word or two may be said as to jackets. The Directoire style is still very much worn, but the newest are quite short; the longest do not go beyond the waist line, and many end above it, showing an inch or more of the sash all round the waist.

These are always separate from the skirt, but many dresses are made with jacket fronts ending at the waist, while the back is in princess shape, the plain pleats or slight draperies being in one with the bodice.

Another style is the jacket with rounded Figaro fronts over a plain pointed waistcoat of another material, joined at the seams under the arms to an ordinary corsage or jacket back; this is pretty in the fashionable woollens with very deep striped borders.

The skirt is draped a little on each side of the front, the Figaro fronts and back of the jacket are of the plain material, the waistcoat of the striped bordering, but with the stripes arranged in vertical lines, which are less trying to the figure than diagonal lines or horizontal lines, which are very unbecoming.

In more dressy models, is one of lilleul faille, bordered with a silk ruche and a flat flounce of Irish guipure, with deep pointed scallops falling over it. The corsage is plain at the back, but has draperies in front crossed over a plastron of guipure.

Another very simply, but stylishly-made costume is in flax gray woollen; the front of the skirt is in accordion pleats, the back is mounted in wide double box-pleats; the jacket opens over a folded plastron of moire; the collar, revers and corselet are also of the gray moire embroidered with gray silk and steel.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT FRENCH COOKERY.

Cotelettes de Mouton Grillees (broiled mutton cutlets).—Take a piece of the neat end of neck of mutton, chine it, and take off the tops of the ribs, remove the skin, divide into cutlets, trim some of the fat off, and leave a small piece of the top of each bone bare. Beat them with a steak beater or rolling-pin, but do not make them too flat; sprinkle a little salt on each, dip them in oil or oiled butter, then in bread-crumbs, and broil for eight or ten minutes over a clear fire, turning them as they cook. When done, slip a cutlet frill on the bone of each, and serve with any kind of sauce or garniture that is preferred. Cutlets simply broiled without the bread-crumbs are served on purees of chestnuts, potatoes, haricot beans or any other vegetables or *a la jardiniere*, that is to say with mixed vegetables stewed with butter and gravy. Some cooks brush cutlets over with glaze before serving to improve their appearance.

Cotelettes de Mouton Sautees.—Cut and trim the cutlets as above, warm some butter in a stewpan, arrange the cutlets in it, and cook them seven or eight minutes over a clear fire, turning them as they cook. When they feel firm pour four tablespoonfuls of good gravy over them, reduce this to a glaze, drain the cutlets, put frills on them and serve, or they are merely cooked in the butter, then frilled and served.

Cutlets a la Soubise.—Prepare as above, serve them in a circle with a neatly-shaped piece of fried bread between each, pour into the middle a white puree of onions.

Cotelettes a la Bretonne.—Trim some cutlets, season them with pepper and salt, dip in beaten up egg and crumb them; fry for ten or twelve minutes in butter, turning them. Prepare some onions separately thus: Chop them very finely, then cook in a little gravy; when they are done stir in the yolks of two eggs, to which a tablespoonful of cream has been added. When the cutlets are a nice color drain them, and arrange in a circle on a dish with the minced onion in the centre.

Cotelettes a la Provencale.—Prepare a well seasoned and sufficiently thick mince of onions, as for "a la bretonne," and let it get cold. Trim eight mutton cutlets, season, dip them in butter; broil them on one side; put them on a dish, and cover the cooked side with a layer of the minced onion, sprinkle fine breadcrumbs over them, and brush over lightly with oiled butter; make some butter hot in a stewpan or baking tin, and place the cutlets in, uncooked side down; finish cooking them over a quick fire or in a hot oven, let the upper surface brown; if cooked in a stewpan, brown with a salamander. Send to table with a tureen of good brown gravy.

Cutlets a l'Estragon (tarragon).—Prepare seven or eight cutlets, season, dip in oil and broil over a clear fire. Meanwhile put a cupful of good clear gravy in a stewpan with a small bunch of tarragon, cover the stewpan, simmer a minute or two, then take out the tarragon, put in a good pinch of finely chopped fresh tarragon leaves, arrange the cutlets on a very hot dish, pour the sauce over, and serve.

Cotelettes d'Agneau a la Puree de Champignons (lamb cutlets with mushrooms).—Trim a dozen lamb cutlets in the same way as mutton, cook them in a stewpan with butter, turning as they cook. When done drain the butter from them, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of good glaze (melted); let the moisture evaporate, so that the cutlets may be glazed. Make a flat topped ring of mashed potatoes, stand the cutlets up in a circle on it, slip a frill on the top of the bone of each, put a puree of mushrooms in the middle of the potato ring, and arrange mushroom heads cooked in butter round the outside. In France veal cutlets are cut from the neck the same as mutton cutlets (the veal is generally much smaller than ours), and not from the fillet as with us.

Cotelettes de Veau Grillees (veal cutlets).—Put the cutlets in a marinade of hot butter, chopped parsley, scallion, mushrooms, scallot, pepper and salt. Turn and leave them ten minutes in this, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put them on a gridiron over a gentle fire. When done put the remainder of the marinade over them, and serve alone, or with gravy with a little lemon juice in it.

Aspic de Volaille (aspic of fowl)—Put a little aspic in a mould, stand it in ice, and turn it about until the inside is coated with jelly, then make a design on it with hard boiled eggs, bits of truffle, tongue, small leaves of tarragon, chervil or parsley; set this with jelly; when firm arrange small pieces of the white meat of cold fowl, bits of cooked truffle and of tongue, in the mould; add some jelly, etc., in layers, until the mould is full. Turn out after dipping the mould in hot water and serve with chopped jelly round.

Calf's Heart Broiled.—Clean and wipe the heart, broil it over a quick fire, turning it without sticking a fork [illegible]. Have ready some butter into which pepper, salt and chopped parsley have been worked; when the heart is done put the butter in it, squeeze the juice of a lemon over the outside, and serve.

Confidential Correspondents.

BARLEY.—The United States issues 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500, 1000, 5000 and 10,000-dollar bills.

P. L. D.—A life insurance company may reject any application if it wishes to without giving any reason therefor.

TOM THUMB.—Tall men are exceptions to the rule. The mass of mankind are of the middle stature—a little less than five feet eight inches.

SMOKER.—Smoking is a very bad habit for youths who have not as yet reached their full growth, and also for persons who have a weak constitution.

LESTER.—A "reciprocity treaty" is a treaty between two countries, conferring equal privileges as regards customs or charges on imports, and in other respects.

HARDNESS.—You can surely have no difficulty in making up your mind how to act on discovering that you have been courting a confirmed flirt. Stop where you are.

JUVENUS.—Listen to the advice of your parents. The tone of your letter indicates that you are a young man who would be very apt to be in the wrong, in any difficulty with either your father or mother.

E. M. A.—A lady must not give a gentleman a ring unless she be engaged to him, and then it is not the most appropriate present she could make. Jewelry is specially a gift for gentlemen to present to ladies.

BILL.—French leave means, as you seem to know, taking a thing without permission, and is supposed to come from an old habit of French soldiers, when on active service, helping themselves to whatever they fancied.

R. L. S.—Postage stamps were first authorized by Congress in 1845; previous to 1847 postage was paid in cash. The first stamps were of the denominations of five and ten cents, and were somewhat larger than those in use now.

ELLIS J.—You can have letters sent to you under any or all of the names you have suggested. It is, in fact, a system largely used all over this country and indeed, the world. So long as you pay for your Post Office box, that is all the authorities can care about in the matter.

Y. P. M.—Your first four questions can only be answered by a New York lawyer, as the matter is very much complicated, and the laws differ in nearly every State in the Union. 2. You will probably find the poem among Scott's miscellaneous poetry. We are not sure, however.

S. S. C.—Buddhism is a religion prevailing over a great part of Asia; its founder was an Indian prince named Buddha, who taught that all visible and sensible things are but manifestations of the Deity; that the soul is an emanation from God, and that it will, by a holy life, again be absorbed into the divine essence.

L. M.—It is estimated that the combined wealth of the United States is $60 000 000 000, of which more than one-half is in the hands of about 25 000 persons. The average wealth, therefore of this favored few is $1,200,000, and shows that half the wealth of the country is in the hands of one person out of twenty-five hundred.

MILLICENT.—Probably the gentleman had no special meaning except a mixture of pretty colors. The white chrysanthemum means truth; the red, "I love"; the yellow, slighted love. The Virginia creeper has a pretty signification; "I cling to you, both in sunshine and shade." 2. Hannah is a fine old name from the Hebrew, and signifies grace. It is by no means ugly.

PULASKI.—If you are a generous man, you will marry the girl you loved, and were beloved by, in your poor days. Be just and honorable, although fortune has smiled upon you. Do not let the itching palm of avarice sully the new garments in which you are decked, but be "a man for a' that," and show how proud you are of the opportunity of having your sincerity tested.

CARMEN.—The annual observance of the custom of sending the golden rose dates from the time of Urban the Fifth, by whom it was sent to Johanna of Naples in the year 1366. The actual origin of the favor is unknown, but it goes back as far as the time of Gregory the Great, who died in the year 604. It is a rose of gold, elaborately fashioned and blessed with much ceremony by the Pope during Lent.

BARKING.—It may not be a cold that is the matter with your eyes; they are often weak from other causes. There is a very simple old wife's remedy, which is often very efficacious: Dip your face in a basin of cold water, and open your eyes while your face is covered with water. Repeat this until you feel your eyes weary of it, and then do it again after a lapse of some hours. Perhaps twice a day, morning and night, will be sufficient for you.

JOHN.—A bothy is the house attached to a farm in Scotland which the unmarried farm servants live in. The latters' food consists principally of oatmeal, which is allowed them by their master. This they eat in the form of brose—the other term you inquire about. Brose is easily made; fill a bowl with oatmeal, add a little salt, pour on boiling water, and then stir. The mixture is usually taken with milk. The o in bothy is pronounced like the o in bosh, and the th is hard like the th in this.

MARGUERITE.—1. Nothing that we know of will remove the white spots you speak of from the nails. As the nails grow they usually disappear. 2. A girl may be engaged from eighteen up to the greatest age a single woman ever becomes. 3. There is no law on the question as to what a girl should do on receiving an engagement ring from her sweetheart. We have no doubt it varies somewhat in every case. We think that under such circumstances were we a lady, we would kiss the giver. Thanks given with words would seem entirely out of place.

FAYETTE.—Ill-breeding is not a single defect; it is the result of many. It is sometimes a great ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud whimsical humor which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behavior.